

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 9

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Offices: 28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 12, 1908

TERMS { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum [in advance], \$2.

Whole No. 1097

©THE FRONT PAGE.

THE people of Canada whether Conservatives or Liberals and no matter in what part of the Dominion they live, should ask themselves what they think of the series of deals that have been put through, in the way of squelching election protests, between the political party led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the political party led by Mr. R. L. Borden.

Is there such a thing in Canada as a public opinion which any politician need consider?

Is there a public conscience capable of taking offence at anything however immoral it may be?

On Saturday last at one o'clock the time expired in which protests could be entered in connection with the recent Dominion elections, and in a manner bare-faced and almost wide open to the full light of day the managers of the rival political parties throughout Canada met, confronted each other with such evidence of bribery, fraud, perjury and corruption as they were possessed of, and proceeded to dicker and trade, sin for sin, perjury for perjury, crime for crime, so that neither party should be exposed and both parties stand as they stood when the polls closed—no matter how criminal and corrupt may have been the means by which this man here and that man there stole his victory.

The defeated candidate, whether Liberal or Conservative, no matter how honest was his campaign and no matter how corrupt that of his adversary, found himself the victim of a vast and remorseless system operated by the joint efforts of both parties. His wrongs were bargained off against the wrongs of some defeated candidate on the other side.

If the man who defeated him had conducted a campaign crimson with guilt, if the evidence in proof of this was ample and all ready, his case laid on the counter where the rival parties met to do barter, was highly valuable, not in procuring justice for him and his debauched constituency, but in buying pardon for some equally criminal sinner on his own side.

Such protests as were entered seem for the most part, to have been due to the action of determined men who refused to be treated like chattels by the bargainers. That some protests were entered does not mean that these cases were the worst; in some instances they were the cases least feared. Nor does it mean that they will go to trial, for the parties can do a lot of sawing-off yet. In order to put up some kind of bluff on the people of Canada a few protests had to be entered.

LET the reader look at the figures. In Ontario the Liberals protested four seats and the Conservatives four. There is room here for a couple of even trades should public opinion stand for it. In New Brunswick the Conservatives protested two seats and the Liberals two; in Nova Scotia the Conservatives protested none and the Liberals none, in Prince Edward Island the protests are one against one, in British Columbia one against one, in Alberta three against three. In those provinces where the parties were not evenly divided, the matter of protest appears to have taken its natural course. In Saskatchewan one Liberal seat is protested. In Quebec twenty-four Liberal seats are protested, and eleven Conservatives. In Manitoba seven Liberal seats and one Conservative.

A despatch from Ottawa states that Mr. P. H. Chabot, father of the Conservative candidate, is wholly at a loss to understand why the protest against the election of Mr. H. B. McGiverin was dropped. "I cannot understand it. I wish I knew that," he declared. Everything was ready. In Toronto Mr. A. F. McLaren, the defeated Conservative candidate in North Perth, was on hand with the necessary deposit and evidence for filing a protest, but it was side-tracked in some way without his knowledge or consent. Similar stories could be told of other constituencies the country over.

THE people of Canada should weigh the significance of this kind of thing. It means that all talk of purity in elections is idle. It means that a candidate for either party can cut loose and win by any means however crooked and his case will be kept out of court when the party bosses meet to trade off one scandal against another. Indeed, the more corrupt his election methods the more anxious his party will be to dispose of it in a saw-off. The people are expected to look on and maintain their respect for law and government while they see such smothering of crime in the very ante-chambers of our courts. The people are supposed to be deeply impressed with the majesty of law when they see some rural member (so inexperienced in the game as not to have had himself liberated when the exchange of prisoners was negotiated) unseated for the crime of having "stood treat" in some village tavern during his campaign, or a few electors disfranchised for seven years for being so base as to barter their votes for cash, or some vulgar rascal sent to jail for switching ballots.

But what of a system of saw-offs and deals by which corrupt election methods are placed under the joint protection of both parties?

The suggestion is offered in The Toronto Telegram that Sir James Whitney should appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into the election methods of both parties in Ontario. This action would create the sensation of the present generation, so confidently did both parties proceed to do what they liked in the campaign and cancel each other's misdeeds. But, unfortunately, Sir James Whitney is a party man himself, surrounded on all hands by party men, on terms of the closest political intimacy with some who figured in the recent business. It is not likely that the country can secure relief at any political headquarter.

A VOTE is to be taken in Toronto on the day of the municipal elections on a proposal to reduce by forty the number of liquor licenses in the city. Three years ago a similar vote was taken, the proposal then being that twenty-five licenses be cut off, but the people declared

against it by a majority of 1,400. In five wards of the city majorities were given against reduction; in one ward a majority was given in favor of reduction.

Early in the present year the City Council, having in a majority of men who are avowed prohibitionists, were induced to disregard the popular vote on license reduction, and put through a by-law cutting off forty licenses. But the by-law was quashed in the courts. Now the question goes to the polls again. Even now it goes to the polls in spite of those who put through the reduction by-law of last spring, for their purpose was to elect aldermen in the forthcoming elections, pledged to re-enact the quashed by-law, regardless of public opinion on the subject. But some of those who were consulted in the matter would not stand for this and brought in a motion to submit the question to the people, a proposal that was resisted and voted against by Controller Spence and Ald. Hales, leaders in Council of the reductionists.

The whole situation is curious, because, although little

lack of frank speech on subjects of this kind, and it is far from desirable that the press, instead of expressing its opinions, should mumble the words that are expected of it.

It cannot be considered a desirable state of affairs that thousands of men should allow their clergymen and other enquirers to confidently rely on them as supporters of license reduction, local option, or prohibition, while they are nothing of the sort. The by-law of three years ago was beaten in this city; I fully expect that the by-law will be again beaten on New Year's Day, but it would indicate a sounder moral health in Toronto if those who oppose such measures spoke their opinions openly and honestly.

THE average man in Toronto is a practical person whose observation tells him that teetotalism is not as yet practiced by a sufficient percentage of the people to make it possible to enforce the habit on all. Will he vote to cut off forty licenses? As he listens to sermons and

the quality of the licensed places would have improved. But those who want to seem to be doing something whether it counts for anything or not, could not rest satisfied with their natural progress, and have precipitated a struggle of which they may regret the outcome. Toronto is now a city. It is becoming a very large city. People are pouring in here from other countries and from other towns and cities, where the ideas and pretences that rule us are unknown, and when the license question is thrown into the arena it may figure in some lively scuffles in the next ten years. Opinion may run in one direction at one time and in another direction at another time, and strife be endless. At one time the reductionists may win a fight and cut off some licenses. At another time they may lose and new licenses be added as the people tire of a struggle in which the interests of good municipal government are sacrificed.

READY in this city we have seen many of the bars extended to twice their former length owing to the increasing business they are doing with a rapidly-growing population. In some cases these bars, although lengthened are so crowded with customers that the License Commissioners have issued instructions that in these places an employee shall be stationed on the floor, whose duty it will be to move among these customers and see what the busy bartenders cannot do—that intoxicants are not sold to minors or to intoxicated persons. It is regrettable that there should be all this drinking, but the vote on New Year's Day is not calculated to abolish such scenes, reduce the length of such bars, or diminish the crowds in front of them. Should the by-law carry the effect would be rather in favor of congregated and therefore excessive treating and drinking. Some satisfaction might be derived by those who count it a victory to pass any restrictive measure that anybody cares to bring forward, but men who know and see life as it is, on all its sides, are aware that the real issue would not be touched.

But something should be done? Much is being done. The greatest triumph true temperance ever won has been won within a generation in Toronto and Ontario, in bringing men in all walks of life to a full and free recognition of the fact that the excessive use of intoxicants is a disgrace and drinking a detriment. The change that has come about in twenty-five years in this respect is a remarkable one. Time was when teetotalers were seldom found except grouped together in lodges; now they are everywhere, under no pledge at all. Not restrictive laws, but the irresistible logic of common sense produces these results, and attempts to pass ill-advised legislation will not only fail but will estrange the great body of moderate citizens who favor temperance but have no faith in efforts to make total abstinence compulsory.

A READER in the great West writes to suggest that Eastern journals while expounding with certain classes of Englishmen on their failure to adapt themselves to conditions prevailing in a new country, should "consider the Galicians, Doukhobors and others who are pouring into the West." Of these people, he says pointedly: "They are turning the sod, but is that all that counts?" It is not. It may count for the moment in advancing material prosperity, but in the life and growth of a nation much beyond plowing counts.

In this country there is a strong sentimental regard for Great Britain, her history and her people, and I venture to say that such criticisms as have been written about newcomers from the Mother Country have been, in nearly all cases, penned in the hope that some explanatory talk would lead to a better understanding. We are one and the same people and our differences invite discussion because they should be readily adjustable. With the Galicians and Doukhobors it is different, for we do not know whether they will assimilate or not, but it is probable that even they, in course of time, will become or will sire desirable citizens—while still further West we are threatened with a yellow influx that we cannot possibly absorb and against whom the doors should be barred.

I N last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT some account was given of the launching of the fine new steamer Hamonic at the Collingwood Shipbuilding Yards, together with some comment on the value this industry would be to the country if brought to a flourishing state.

Since the Hamonic was launched it has been announced in The Detroit Free Press in jubilant headlines that a Hamilton firm has placed an order with a Detroit shipyard for the building of a 500-foot bulk carrier for delivery by the first of June next. The contract is said to have been closed in Hamilton between the Inland Navigation Company and the Great Lakes Engineering Works of Detroit. "The significance of the contract," says The Free Press, "lies in the fact that though built by Canadian capital, the new vessel will be an American bottom, and will fly the American flag. If such an instance has previously occurred in the lake trade, it is not recalled by local marine men."

There is something about the placing of this order that calls for the consideration of business men in Canada. The other boats of the Hamilton firm were built in Great Britain; this one is to be constructed across the lakes, and will be used to carry American ore to the Hamilton smelters and Canadian wheat from Fort William to Buffalo. The point to be considered, however, is the reason given why this order was placed in Detroit instead of in Collingwood or Toronto. The Detroit paper quotes an interview held over the long-distance telephone with Mr. A. B. McKay, of Hamilton, stating these reasons: "There is no encouragement over here for the Canadian vessel owner," he is quoted as saying. "We are held up by the Canadian Government. If we make repairs to one of our ships in a United States yard we are compelled to pay a duty of 25 per cent. on the repairs. The shipbuilding industry is practically monopolized by the yard in Collingwood. If we order a boat on this side we feel that we have no assurance of delivery. We ordered a boat a year or more ago from



AN INCIDENT AT THE REHEARSAL OF THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON MONDAY EVENING

MADAME GADSKI ARRIVED, WITH ONE OR TWO TORONTO FRIENDS, WHILE THE ORCHESTRA WAS AT WORK. LAYING ASIDE HER CLOAK AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE PIECE SHE WENT FORWARD ALONG THE PLATFORM AND STOOD FOR A MOMENT TURNING OVER THE PAGES WITH CONDUCTOR WELSMAN. WHEN THE BATON WAS RAISED THE GREAT SINGER STEPPED BACK A PACE, PLACED ONE FOOT ON THE DAIS AND—SANG. IT WAS "O, HALL OF SONG," THE BIT FROM "TANNHAUSER" WHICH ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WAS TO HOLD FOUR THOUSAND LISTENERS BREATHLESS. THERE WAS NO FUSS, NO CEREMONY, AND AT THE CONCLUSION NO STORM OF APPLAUSE, BUT THE GREAT EMPTY HALL WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF THAT MAGNIFICENT VOICE.

is heard except on one side of this question, there are other sides to it, which, however men may conspire to ignore them will keep swinging to the front again and again and again. If men could, by leaving their homes on New Year's Day for half an hour and marking ballots in polling booths, banish the evils of intemperance and all other evils that could be enumerated on ballot papers, there is surely no man in the city who would begrudge his half-hour and his vote. But the thing is not so easily done. These short-cuts to the reform of mankind are never likely to prove successful, and too often work actual harm.

IT is the habit of newspapers in Toronto and throughout Ontario to give a pretended support to any proposal whatever looking to license reduction or abolition, no matter how entirely opposed the proposal may be to the editor's personal beliefs in connection with such matters. His personal opinion may be that the proposal is unsound and sure to prove a failure; he may know that it originated with one, two, or half a dozen men who would not be trusted to rule the community in any other matter, but rather than face the censure that these people would direct against him, he keeps under cover and preserves a false and hypocritical attitude, seeming to favor an agitation to which he is secretly opposed. It does not make for the good moral health of the city of Toronto or the Province of Ontario that there should be so much speeches urging him to do so he observes that these exhortations are made by men who are unable to conceal the fact that they are opposed to all licenses and to the whole business root and branch. He may not be so opposed as they are, yet when he listens for the arguments that will convince him that this reduction of licenses will of itself be a wise step to take, he finds little put forward in support of that contention, and very little reasoning used that will appeal to any but those already convinced that drunkenness being an evil thing it is a man's duty to vote for anything that is or seems or sounds or claims to be aimed at its reduction or extirpation.

One reason why this fight has been brought on in this city is that the news and the noise of the contest will spread over the province and help in local option contests in smaller places. In the matter of licenses Toronto has a record equalled in no other city of its size. The population of the city has doubled, nearly trebled, while the number of licenses has remained the same, or by the gradual cancellation of a license here and there by the commissioners, has been reduced by eight less than they were twenty years ago. As matters stand, it was probable that the population of the city could have doubled again without any increase in the number of bars. The only change would have been that as the city grew in size, as the necessity for hotel accommodation increased, as public opinion grew more and more averse—as it is ever growing—to the abuse of liquor, the character and

the Canadian Shipbuilding Company—not the Collingwood concern—and we haven't seen the boat yet."

Assuming the correctness of this interview it may be explained that the statement that the Collingwood Company has a monopoly of the shipbuilding industry merely means that that company is at present pretty much alone in the work of constructing large vessels. But when Mr. McKay says that his company sends Canadian capital out of the country to build a boat for them that will sail under a foreign flag, because there is no encouragement here for the Canadian vessel owner, he makes a statement that should attract the attention of business men, and calls for the official inquiry of government. Does it pay this Hamilton firm to build its boat in Detroit and sail it under the American flag, rather than build it in Canada and sail it under our own flag? If so, why? If reasons exist, to what extent are they removable?

From Mr. McKay's interview it would appear that the placing of this contract in Detroit is a fairly direct result of the action of the Canadian Government during the present year in imposing a duty of 25 per cent. on repairs done at American yards on Canadian bottoms. Large deputations waited on the Minister of Customs at Ottawa, complaining of the unwisdom of this policy, but were informed that the Government had decided to take this course, so that discussion of it was useless. We have not yards—we have not enough yards available for repair purposes, and the unwisdom of any such duty seems evident. It means merely this, that Canadian boats on the great lakes are subject to an impost to which American boats are not subject, and that this burden is placed upon them by the unfriendly authorities at Washington, but by the supposedly friendly powers at Ottawa.

Boats for the lake trade are built across the ocean because the owners can get from the large builders over there plenty of time in which to pay for them—the vessels earn the money to pay for themselves. If the shipbuilding industry in Canada also finds that it has to contend with conditions that induce owners to put their money into American bottoms, it might as well abandon hope.

WRITING in reply to a question as to his views on woman suffrage, Sir Wilfrid Laurier advised the central committee of the W.C.T.U. at Ottawa that they should make application to the Provincial Government instead of the Federal. In other words, Sir Wilfrid politely side-stepped an issue that has proved so troublesome elsewhere. When Sir James Whitney is approached, he, after his different manner, will probably reply that he is or isn't in favor of woman suffrage, or is or isn't prepared to consider the question a practical one.

TWO links with the early history of Upper Canada have just been broken through the death of Mr. William Stirton in Guelph at the age of 93, and Mr. John McKay in Toronto at the age of 94. These were the last remaining representatives of two early movements of settlers from Scotland into Canada. Mr. Stirton was one of a party of two hundred and fifty emigrants who sailed from the bay of Cromarty in 1825, and after a twelve weeks' voyage, reached La Guayre in Venezuela, where after suffering hardships for two years, they were taken off by a frigate sent for the purpose by the home Government, and carried to New York, from which point they crossed the country into Canada. Mr. John Galt had recently established a settlement for the Canada company at the point where he since risen the city of Guelph—the ceremony of dedicating the town site consisting in felling one of the forest trees and dispensing a drink of whisky to all present. Since that time hospitality in Guelph has been slightly varied owing to the total disappearance of the forest. Five months later the settlers from La Guayre arrived and were allotted bush farms, enduring hardships no doubt quite as severe as any they had fled from in South America, except that they were in a British wilderness and had hopes for the future. The story of these settlers was outlined in the Canadian Courier couple of weeks ago by Mr. C. C. James.

A remarkable life story is that of the late John McKay as related in The Telegram the other day. Like the late Mr. Stirton he, too, sailed from the Bay of Cromarty, but ten years earlier, in 1815. He was but eighteen months old, and was brought by his parents on the Hadlow to Hudson's Bay, their destination being the Red River, where Lord Selkirk was planting a settlement. Arriving there it was found that the settlers of two years earlier had already pulled up stakes and departed, owing to the opposition of a fur company, rival to the Hudson's Bay people. After five disappointing years these settlers in 1820 started out to make the long journey from the Red River to York, as Toronto was then called. From Fort William to Penetang they travelled in birch bark canoes, then down to Newmarket, where they remained two years, the McKay family then removing to West Gwilliam—eighty-eight years ago.

They came by strange ways, these makers of Canada—starting by sailing vessel from the port of Cromarty, the founders of Guelph finally reached their destination via South America, while the founders of Newmarket came via Hudson's Bay, doing a toilsome journey through a wilderness that seemed interminable. In extreme cold the last two survivors have now passed away.

It is well that the Canadian of to-day, whether newcomer or native, should think upon the men who blazed paths across this country for others to follow. These people spent three months on the ocean that is now crossed in a week. The perils and difficulties of such a journey as those Highlanders made in 1820 from the Red River to Newmarket, are no longer to be faced by home-seekers.

MACK.

JOHN had been in Canada and returned to bonnie Scotland. He met Sandy (according to The Yorkshire Post) and this conversation followed:

Sandy—"An' hoo did ye like Canada, John?"

John—"Canada! Gosh, it was only warm yince a' the time I was there, an' that wis when the hoose next door was on fire."

IF Canada's 110,205 Indians live in tents instead of disease-breeding log cabins, the Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs would find fewer deaths from tuberculosis—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Combines

THREE is a man, with age unknown,
Stranger you never saw;
His nose is like a vulture's beak,
His right hand like a claw;
While with his left he strongly grips
A copy of the Law.

Oh, he has enemies galore,
And counts as friends but few;
His enemies, they call him names,
Stinging, though rarely new,
And bitterly denounce his ways,
But more they seldom do.

All men pay tribute when they see
Him scowl and set his jaw;
While calmly all the piles of coin
Are raked up by his claw,
And when attacked he hides behind
His copy of the Law.

FRED J.

THE FAIRFAX PEERAGE

THE House of Lords has just given a decision recognizing Albert Kirby Fairfax, of New York, as 12th Baron Fairfax of Cameron. It is a Scotch peerage, and does not entitle the owner to a seat in the House of Lords.

The holders of the Fairfax peerage have been settled in America for nearly two hundred years, and its continuance during this period is one of the many romances connected with British hereditary titles. The peerage, though not the estates, has survived two of the greatest civil wars in history.

Two years after ascending the throne namely, in 1627,



OPENING THE COLONIAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

Lord Strathcona is speaking, next him sits Lord Balfour, while at the right of the picture sits Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance.

Charles I. created Sir Thomas Fairfax, the head of a well-known Yorkshire family, a baron under the name and style of Lord Fairfax of Cameron. There must have been a rebellious strain in the Fairfax blood, because the second peer, who had succeeded before the outbreak of the great Civil War, became a general in the Parliamentary army in the North of England, and successfully fought several battles with the King's forces. Dying while the war was at its height, he was succeeded by his son Thomas, the third peer, who became even more famous in the struggle, and after distinguishing himself at Marston Moor and Naseby, was made commander-in-chief of the army. Fairfax and Cromwell were fast friends, but when King Charles was brought to trial Fairfax was opposed to the execution. During that memorable scene at Westminster when the roll of Charles's judges was called there was no answer to the name of Fairfax. A woman's voice called out from the gallery: "He hath too much wit to be here." It was Lady Fairfax, who took the view of many prudent republicans, that to behead the King was both blunder and crime. It so proved, as Cromwell found. Fairfax remained in retirement for ten years, and was of assistance to General Monk in effecting the restoration of Charles II. in 1660.

* * *

Perhaps there was a republican tendency in the family, and the Stuart monarchy was not to their taste, because Henry, a son of the next peer, emigrated to Virginia. In 1739, Thomas, 6th Lord Fairfax, visited the colony, where he owned an extensive tract of country called the "Northern Neck." He decided to settle there. He was unmarried. Some say he left England on account of a disappointment in love. Others declare that he had inherited revolutionary opinions to a marked degree and felt more at home in a new country. However, that may be, he gave his English estates to a brother, and built Greenway Court in Northern Virginia. Surrounding himself by a colony of English settlers, he reproduced in many ways the life of an English country squire. He was a thorough man of the world, and young George Washington was a frequent guest at his house. Before leaving London, Lord Fairfax had been a friend of Addison and had contributed papers to The Spectator. When the American Revolution broke out he favored the revolting colonists, and his sister, Hannah, married a brother of General Washington. He died in 1781 before the independence of the United States was acknowledged.

His brother Robert, who succeeded as 7th Lord Fairfax, also died without issue. This was in 1793, and a near kinsman, Rev. Brian Fairfax, descended from Henry Fairfax, who had come to Virginia a generation or two back, became 8th Lord Fairfax. In 1801 the House of Lords recognized the validity of the title, and in point of fact no one has ever seriously questioned the regularity of the descent. The three next holders of the title were American citizens, and consequently the dignity was a matter of courtesy. They espoused the Southern cause in the war.

* * *

Albert, 12th Lord Fairfax, whose standing as a peer, has just been proclaimed, took out letters of naturalization as a British subject a few years ago, and has claimed the title in the interests of his family, partly through the historical associations that cling round the name. He was born in 1870 in Maryland, and is a member of the firm of William P. Boult & Co., of London and New

York. The family has been residing in New York for some years, but Lord Fairfax has also a residence in England, and belongs to several London clubs.

No reader of Thackeray's novels, "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," can doubt that the romance of the Fairfax family suggested some of the interesting episodes in the chronicles of the Esmonds both in England and in Virginia. Henry Esmond, the hero of Thackeray's masterpiece, was a companion of Addison and Steele. He wrote that imaginary paper in The Spectator, on Jocasta, which roused the ire of the beautiful Beatrix. Failing to win Beatrix, Esmond married her mother, resigned his claims to the family title and estates, which he generously handed over to his young cousin, and emigrated to Virginia. There he passed the declining years of his life, and young George Washington was a constant visitor at his home, Castlewood. Esmond is recorded as holding lax opinions concerning monarchy. He reluctantly supported the cause of the Old Pretender, hoping to win the hand of Beatrix. When the royal claimant turns out (in the novel) a profligate, Esmond breaks his sword and refusing to serve under the German King, George I., naturally withdraws to America. The realities of the Fairfax peerage are quite as romantic as the fiction of the Viscounts Esmond. X.

Monarchical Metronomes.

THE cable last week brought the information that His Majesty King Edward had issued an order that henceforth "God Save the King" be played by military and naval bands at tempo of 80 to 84 crochets to the minute. In taking this action His Majesty was prompted by the fact that heretofore there has been a decided lack of uniformity in rendering the national anthem, the naval bands frequently playing it at a tempo approaching 100 crochets, while the army bands at times played it slow as 72 crochets. In some cases the anthem was even played very much faster than a tempo of 100, thus entirely destroying its solemn character.

In thus assuming the prerogatives of a musical arbiter, His Gracious Majesty may point to the precedent created by his versatile nephew, the Emperor of Germany, who not only dictates the policy of the Royal Opera in Berlin, but has been known to compose the music, write the libretto, direct the rehearsals, conduct the orchestra, sing the solos, set the scenery, work the lights, take the tickets and sell the programmes.

With the example of two such illustrious personages before them, other dignitaries of Church and State may be expected to follow in their footsteps, so it is quite possible that within the ensuing year we shall have some such despatches as these appearing in the daily press:

Paris, Dec. 23.—President Fallières has instructed the musicians at the Moulin Rouge and other popular resorts that hereafter the Can-Can may only be played in dirge time.

London, Jan. 4.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has requested the Poet Laureate to prepare a new arrangement of the "Gloria," in order that it may, in future, be sung to music of "The Merry Widow Waltz."

Peking, Jan. 20.—Prince Chun has directed that during the period of mourning, the only instruments which may be played in China are the Scottish bag pipes. No official explanation of this order has been given, but it is surmised that the Regent is determined that every inhabitant of the country shall be made to show signs of uncontrollable grief.

Constantinople, Nov. 11.—The Sultan has yielded to the wishes of the Young Turk party, who has issued orders that the Hootchee-Coochee must be renderedante religioso.

Turin, May 20.—King Victor's latest edict has struck a serious blow at Italy's National Industry. By the new law street pianos are suppressed, the only substituted permitted being cathedral pipe organs on wheels. Riotous crowds are protesting against the measure in all the principal cities.

Markdale, Ont. July 10.—Dr. Sproule, Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America, has issued a circular to all the pipe and drum bands throughout his jurisdiction, urging that the only tunes played on the Twelfth should be "St. Patrick's Day," "The Wearing of the Green," and "God Save Ireland."

Timbuctoo, Aug. 19.—His Majesty, King Oomgalala has commanded the court musicians to tune all their tom toms to concert pitch. Failure to obey will be punishable by beheading.

J. A. MCNEIL.

No More Criminals for Canada.

THE Canadian Immigration authorities have for a considerable period been making strong representations to the Home Government against the practice of some magistrates and judges of suspending sentences on convicted criminals on the understanding that they emigrate to one of the colonies. Lately the Australian authorities have also taken the matter up, and the following letter which has been addressed to recorders, chairmen of quarter sessions, deputy chairmen of quarter sessions, and clerks to justices, shows that the Home Government at last realizes the seriousness of the situation:

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.

Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint you, for the information of the Justices of your Bench, that his attention has at times been called to cases in which persons convicted of offences in this country have been released without punishment or have received modified sentences upon condition of their emigrating to some part of His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas or upon an undertaking by their friends to assist them in so emigrating. The Secretary of State has recently before him the case of an offender who was arrested for burglary and his friends on his appearance in court, stated that they desired to send him to Australia. The case was reduced to one of larceny, and the prisoner was bound over to come up for judgment when called on, and arrangements were made for his emigration. Shortly after landing in Australia this emigrant was convicted of larceny and false pretences; the circumstances of his emigration were the subject of discussion in the Commonwealth House of Representatives, and a representation on the subject has been made by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth to the Home Secretary.

The Secretary of State has on several other occasions received representations from colonial authorities, and particularly from the Government of Canada, to the effect that very strong objections are entertained in His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas to any public or official encouragement or assistance being given to the emigration of persons guilty of offences against the law in this country.

Mr. Gladstone therefore desires to take this opportunity of bringing before your Justices the views of the Colonial Governments and of saying that in his opinion no public or official encouragement should be given contrary to these views to the emigration of persons guilty of offences.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

C. E. TROUP.

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THE "SAVOY"

(YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.)

We are now displaying a beautiful assortment of XMAS NOVELTIES AND DINNER FAVORS. And our CHOCOLATES and BON BONS always make most acceptable CHRISTMAS GIFTS put up in Dainty Boxes.

And when down town shopping our JAPANESE TEA ROOM is just the cosiest place to have a cup of tea or light lunch. : :

Ice Cream, Sodas, etc. Special lunch every day for busy people 12 till 2. OPEN EVENINGS TILL 11 O'CLOCK

McConkey's

Christmas Novelties

Our Line is fresh and of the daintiest.

A present of McConkey's Chocolates will be a stamp of the best taste.

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Now is the time to let us have your order for a handsome Diamond piece. Our good Diamonds, our good workmanship and our close prices are all favorable. Designs cheerfully submitted.

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STERLING SILVER

The elegance and refinement of sterling silver makes it ever popular for Christmas gifts. Our assortment of sterling silver in the "Irene" pattern was never so large as at present.

Together with the superb assortment, we are offering sterling at 95c. per ounce, and, as every article is sold by weight, you know exactly what you are getting.

Sterling Silver Irene Pattern at 95c. per oz. 5 75 per doz.

Dessert Spoons 17 00 " "

Table Spoons 20 00 " "

Dessert Forks 17 00 " "

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47,805,847

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED \$2,500,000
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In event of policy being discontinued after 20 years, this Company guarantees to refund all premiums paid.
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The entire collection on view Saturday and Monday, 12th and 14th December, from 1:30 to 8 o'clock. Catalogues on application. Sale at 2:30.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



Montreal, Dec. 9. THE attempt of a group of stock operators to black-jack the Mexican Light & Power Co. into the hands of the Mexican Tramways Co. has met an effectual setback at the hands of Sir George Drummond. Shortly after the proposition became known Sir George resigned from the presidency of the Tramways Company. Up to within a few days, however, nothing definite, beyond his general disapproval of the scheme was known. Within that time, however, this doughty knight has seen fit to expose the deal, and so far as he is able repair the damage which is being done to a good going concern by a band of financial freebooters. Here are a few things, according to Sir George, that would happen to the Mexican Light & Power Company if taken over by the Mexican Tramways Company: The directors, and, of course, the stockholders, would have no farther voice in the management of their own property; a valuable property would be placed in the hands of a group of men who are unfriendly to it; the money to be allotted so inadequate that no competent staff could be employed to keep it up, and lastly the fruits of the enterprise lost forever to the stockholders. If, after reading Sir George Drummond's communication, a stockholder votes for the amalgamation, then he must be either a knave or a fool. This has proved as pretty a piece of attempted stock jobbing as Canada has seen in many a day.

At the recent annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal Sir George Drummond and Sir Edward Clouston both took optimistic views of Canada's future, Sir George laying particular stress upon the necessity of paying more attention to scientific farming. He pointed out that the crops of Canada to-day were worth something over four hundred million dollars annually, and any method by which this amount could be enhanced by even a small percentage would be of enormous value to the country. Scientists are now working out the problem of shortening the season of crop growing, and Sir George Drummond pointed out that if the period of ripening could be shortened by even a matter of days it might mean the difference between the saving or the losing of a great crop throughout the Northwest.

At the same meeting Sir Edward Clouston referred to the bad record of failures during the past year, only he did not call them by that name. He spoke of the Sovereign, the Banque St. Jean and the St. Hyacinthe Bank, and stated that the note-holders had lost nothing. Of course not; how could they with the amalgamated banks standing back of them to the extent of five per cent. of their note circulations deposited in gold at Ottawa? There was, however, no mention of the poor people who have lost every bit of money they had in the world; in some cases the savings of a lifetime through the Banque St. Jean. Sir Edward warned his hearers against a bank that endeavored to popularize itself by what is familiarly called up-to-date advertising—"catch-penny means" he called it, "of soliciting the savings of the people." With all deference to the general manager of the Bank of Montreal it was not this sort of advertising that killed or helped kill the Sovereign Bank. As a matter of fact it placed within that bank's vaults hundreds of thousands of dollars that had not seen the light of day in many years; funds that had been stored away in old stockings, in mattresses and deep down in the family clock; money that was not earning a dollar, much of it for a generation. The downfall of the Sovereign came when the general manager and others concerned over-reached themselves in their endeavor to do more than their legitimate share of the banking business of Canada.

And this reminds one. Where is D. M. Stewart? There was talk some time ago of bringing him to the bar of justice, and thus finding out at first hand where the fault lay for the magnificent fizzle of the Sovereign Bank. In inside circles it is said that Mr. Stewart could be found without a great deal of looking, but no one appears to be over anxious to produce him before the courts.

All Montreal is laughing over the methods of a certain renegade named Gardemeyer, or as he preferred to call himself Meyer, who swindled some Montrealers and also some Toronto people out of their good money in a Brazilian gold and diamond project. Meyer floated along through Canada some six months ago. He had a great proposition in gold and diamonds in South America—in the country where the nuts come from. He had paid \$50,000 for the property, at least he said he had, but being a philanthropist, he did not care a tinker about making a dollar. He would sell it for just what it cost him. They must, however, hurry up, for the Guggenheims and all the other great gold, silver and diamond operators were after it. Did they bite? Of course they did. They took up a collection among themselves and sent a man to inspect the property. The property, according to the young man who went Brazilward was all that Meyer had said and more. They thereupon gave the slick adventurer a portion of the purchase money, and then—they awoke. The property didn't belong to Meyer and never had. Meyer at some distant day, had gone over it, no doubt, but this is as close to owning it as he ever got. Now this crowd of easy marks had had Meyer arrested in New York, just as he was about to take ship for parts unknown, and the end is not yet. Which all reminds us of Mark Twain when he said that a mine was a hole in the ground and the owner was a liar.

TORONTO, Dec. 10. RATES for money at the leading financial centres have undergone little or no change within the past week. Some significant movements of capital, however, have occurred owing to changed conditions of trade, but in no instance has the demand for money been so urgent as to cause any advance in rates. The reserves of New York banks have steadily declined for some time past. They

were \$414,013,000 on August 29, while on Saturday last these reserves had fallen to \$30,204,000. The surplus reserve during the same period had declined from \$92,000,000 to \$20,171,000, and if the decrease of last week in the surplus were to continue to the end of the present year, the banks would enter the new year with a deficit. But this is not likely. The possibility of such a thing, however, shows that the money market is a factor not to be wholly disregarded on the Stock Exchange. The heavy laining on in cash holdings last week were due to payments made for out-of-town depositors, the gold shipments to Europe and to Canada, and the advance payments on Canadian bond subscriptions. The persistent flow of gold to Paris occasions a good deal of comment. The Bank of France's gold reserve is now \$125,000,000 greater than a year ago. France is notoriously the most thrifty and cautious of the leading commercial nations, and it probably invests abroad a relatively larger amount, year by year, than any other, though on this point again it is obviously impossible to obtain definite figures. Consequently, if for any reason it ceases for the time being to export capital, the exchanges of the world go automatically in its favor, and money flows to it steadily to pay interest due to it, and to meet the short obligations that it holds, which are liabilities of other centres. The power of the thriftest nation in the world to take gold from others is easily explained. Its desire to make such an unprofitable use of its resources long after its central bank has assumed a position of strength which is overwhelming to the point of wastefulness, is much less easy to account for. The Bank of France discount rate is 3 per cent. and Imperial Bank of Germany 4 per cent.

In addition to the financial disturbances which earlier in the year affected the earnings of Canadian banks, these institutions had to cope with the Sovereign Bank fiasco. Thirteen or fourteen of the chartered banks came to the relief of the depositors and customers of the said bank by taking over a large number of its branches and assuming certain responsibility in connection therewith. It is now said that such responsibility will entail no loss to the underwriting banks. The commercial loans of the Bank of Montreal for the year have been reduced by 10 per cent., and there was a contraction of a little less than 5 per cent. in the volume of domestic trade and measured by the note circulation. The great feature of the year has been the excellent crops secured by the Northwest provinces, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, variously estimated as in wheat at one hundred and five to one hundred and fifteen million bushels; oats, one hundred million bushels; barley, twenty-five million bushels, in addition to good crops of flax, potatoes, etc. The money value of the grain crops to those farmers will approximate one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, earned by a territory practically deserted up to a comparatively recent date.

The movements in securities dealt in on the Toronto Stock Exchange have, with a few exceptions, shown no important changes this week. Investment buying has given a firm tone, and while, perhaps, there has been some increase speculatively, there has not been any upward movement of consequence. Earnings of the different properties have kept up extremely well, and the outlook is particularly bright. One of the chief bullish factors is the cheapness of money, and this condition seems assured for several months to come. Call loans may be had at 4 1-2 per cent., and even a lower rate is quoted by leading houses on gilt-edged collateral. The yield to investors at present prices of bank stock is as follows: Bank of Commerce 4.70 per cent., Dominion 4.91, Imperial 4.82, Hamilton 4.87, Montreal 4.00, Standard 5.21, Toronto 4.54, Merchants 4.84, and Traders 5.38. These are good returns on the investment in the present condition of the money market. There are many good bonds which yield even a higher rate, among them being Bell Telephone 4.95 per cent., Nova Scotia Steel 5.55, Sao Paulo 5.00, Lake of the Woods 5.55, Laurentide Paper 5.55, Oglivie Flour 5.45.

Sao Paulo last week raised its dividend to the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the stock. The earnings for the year are given at 12.40 per cent., but Toronto Electric, which earned 12.63, still pays 8 per cent. to shareholders. The peculiar position of the latter company may account for this, but there is no telling what it will do when Mr. Mackenzie gets control. Another Mackenzie Company, the Winnipeg Electric, which earns 12 per cent. per annum, pays out 10 per cent to shareholders. The Toronto Railway Company, which earned 11.20 per cent. last year, disbursed 6 per cent. to shareholders. The company this week declared a quarterly dividend of 1 1-2 per cent. Consumers' Gas is a big earner, the year's profits equaling about 17 3-4 per cent. on capital invested; it pays 10 per cent. The Canadian Pacific Railway earned 9 per cent. the past year on its large capital. Out of this 6 per cent. was paid and an additional 1 per cent. from land sales. At the market price of C.P.R. stock, the return to the investor is hardly 4 per cent. per annum. But this company gives its shareholders large bonuses on every new stock issue, which seem to come pretty regularly. For a series of late years the dividends and bonuses on C.P.R. are equivalent to 13 to 14 per cent. per annum, and this accounts for the apparently high price of the stock.

The Saturday News of Edmonton says: Toronto claims a population of 287,201. This is quite a bit ahead of Edmonton's yet, but then we cover just about as much ground.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce has issued a statement showing the result of its business for the year ending November 30. It is in every way a satisfactory document, for it must be remembered that the banks have undergone an unusually severe test through the disquieting period of nearly nine months in the recent past. The shrinkage in earnings has not been as great as had been expected. The ramifications of the Bank of Commerce are wide with its \$10,000,000 of paid-up capital. It is the largest bank in this province, and the result of its opera-

BANK OF HAMILTON

No formality or delay in opening

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

Large or small sums may be deposited or withdrawn as desired.

TORONTO: 34 Yonge St.

Branches in Toronto Cor. Queen and Spadina Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould, West Toronto.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

A deposit of \$1.00 or upwards starts a SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Interest paid four times a year. Money may be withdrawn without notice

TORONTO OFFICES:

37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 4

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the half year ending 31st December, 1908, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city, and at all of the branches, on and after the second day of January next to shareholders of record of the 15th day of December.

By order of the Board.

Winnipeg, 20th Nov., 1908.

R. CAMPBELL

Acting General Manager.



ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS IN CANADA
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

\$1.00 OPEN AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF \$1.00

Capital Paid-up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,241,832.26

The Royal Bank of Canada INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Authorized - - - - - \$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up - - - - - 3,900,000
Reserve Fund - - - - - 4,390,000

Branches of this Bank have recently been opened at Cobalt, Oshawa, Elk Lake, Montreal River District, Tillsonburg, Ont. and Dundas St., near Lynd Avenue, Toronto.

THE CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

offers the quickest, safest and most convenient service for the transmission of Christmas Packages.

Shipments carried by fast Passenger Trains and Mail Steamships.

Special attention will be given to deliveries at residences on Christmas Day.

For remitting money by mail, procure Canadian Express Money Orders—which are cheap and afford absolute security against loss.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

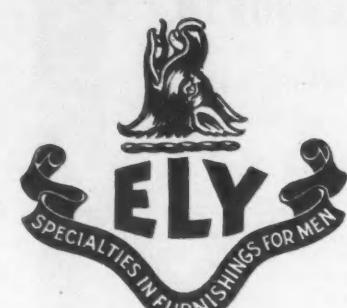
Capital Authorized - \$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid-Up - \$5,000,000.00
Rest - - - - - \$5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued available in any part of the world.

Special attention given to collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit and credited quarterly.

King Edward Hotel
Toronto

On the first of December we placed on sale "THE ORCHID"—a new collar as shown in the illustration. It is especially designed for afternoon and evening wear. It follows the lines of an approved English collar which is having a run at present. "The Lewes" is the same collar in a lower height.

The illustration also shows one of our best designs in neckwear suitable for wearing with frock coat to church, day weddings, receptions and such formal day occasions. These are shown in silvery grey

hand-loomed silks with patterns in black stripes which run diagonally across the tie.

On account of an unusual demand for our neckwear for gifts, we have provided a large and selected stock and we especially ask those who intend making gifts of our neckwear to buy as early as convenient to secure the best selection and careful attention.

FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND BACON

Delicious, Appetizing

DOCTORS

Find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE

444 SPADINA AVENUE

TORONTO - ONT.

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts. at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 oz. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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For Banquets, Weddings, Parties, Socials, Tea, etc., a specialty. First-class service guaranteed. Estimates given.

ROST. J. LLOYD & CO.

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tions should be a reflex on general business and conditions here. For the twelve months ended November 30 last, the bank made net profits of \$1,627,322, which is equivalent to 16.27 per cent. on its paid-up capital. This is a most favorable comparison with the earnings of the previous year, the banner one for the bank. In that year, net profits were 17.52 per cent., so that the decline is but 1.4 per cent. The balance at credit of profit and loss account on November 30, 1907, was \$675,912, which, added to net profits for the year just ended made \$2,303,244. Out of this sum the following was appropriated: Dividends Nos. 84, 85, 86 and 87, at eight per cent. per annum, \$800,000; written off bank premises, \$300,000; transferred to pension fund (annual contribution), \$30,000; subscriptions to Quebec Battlefields and Fernie fire funds and other objects, \$12,000; transferred to rest account, \$1,000,000. The reserve fund of the bank is now \$6,000,000, or 60 per cent. of capital. The sum of \$161,244 was carried forward to profit and loss account. Deposits increased \$8,000,000 in the twelve months, and now aggregate \$95,037,796, of which \$22,231,129 bears no interest. The liquid assets of the bank are \$50,446,178, or between forty-one and forty-two per cent. of its total liabilities. The current loans and discounts of the Commerce amount to \$68,694,649.

In his address at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal on Monday, the President, Sir George Drummond, said among other things: "To-day, the situation is much im-

proved, confidence has been largely restored, credit is again good, the money markets of the world are abnormally easy, but the volume of trade has been considerably diminished, measured by the value of imports. The shrinkage in Canada within a year has been approximately 20 per cent., namely, from \$362,460,000 to \$297,300,000, the figures being for the twelve months ending October 1, 1907, and 1908, respectively. On the other hand, the value of domestic exports in the same period has been well maintained, being \$231,500,000, as against \$244,200,000 last year."

A WORD TO CHRISTMAS

HASTE Merrie Christmas on your way
Nor let your way be long,
We welcome you with holiday
With laughter and with song.
*Forget that fragile shop-girl who
Stands ten long hours because of you,
Serving that fretful, crowding crew
Who 'round your symbols throng.*

Haste Merrie Christmas, all our house
With mirth and cheer is bright.
Within your presence we carouse
With joyous friends and light.
*Forget amid your feast and fun
That home-sick country boy, alone
In some hall-bedroom, with not one
To take his hand to-night.*

Hail, Merrie Christmas! haste and see
For your rejoicing's sake
What mirth about your blossomed tree
Our dainty children make.
*Forget that mother who to-night
In some chill tenement's poor light
Holds little, giftless children tight
And dreads to see them wake.*

Forget and welcome thrice to us
The well-content and prosperous.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Life.

ARE TORONTO PEOPLE TOO DISTANT?

A New Arrival Claims that the People of this City are too Coldly Indifferent about their Fellow Creatures.

M R. RICHARD GRAHAM, in THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT or out of it, has a case. He is not hectic, flushed with the wine of ultra-enthusiasm, nor does he belong, diametrically, to the Kuscer Band, gleefully sleuthing the scent of "turn-downs" and hugging them to his heart. He is simply a sane mid-stream man, steering a calm course through life, hailing those fellow sailors who are at his lead, by his side, or in his wake, asking only the courtesy of a response to his signals. It were a small thing, surely, and the enormity lies, not in his over-demand, but in the meagreness of his supply. This human failure of response is one of the little great things which clog the whole movement of life. It is the little rift within the lute. The individual which should, naturally, be a tuneful unit, or component part of a harmonious whole, becomes, through its dire effect, a discordant bye-note, plunging from whence, nor whither tending, not he knows or any other; and producing but the sorry effect of ineffectual surplus, as the unbidden guest at the board. This one-too-many idea is what Mr. Graham is talking about. That is his case!

As to the warmth of the handclasp of Canadians Englishmen, much has been said, and vastly more thought. Mr. Graham does not unearth any conspiracies of hostility pointing toward Englishmen generally. What he is attacking, but does not know it, is the Spirit of Toronto, or more, specifically, the exquisite torture of Indifference, beside which all ancient and mediæval contrivances for human harrowing pale.

By the poet, Canada has been called Our Lady of the Snows. That museful genius, swirling in aazy, crystalline flurry of inspired ideas, would have added in point, while losing nothing in figure, had he chosen Toronto as the central creature of his dream. She is shrouded in the white mantle of Indifference, buried in a cheerless winter. That is, to the newly-comes. The unconscious, and sub-conscious atmosphere radiating from the masses indicates—joy from life is forever barred, the world is indeed a barren waste, each one apart, remotely, aloofly compelled to carry out the baneful task of living. Alas! Alas! Toronto does not dream of her colossal stint. If there be a man with a smile, give him a home for it; if a tear, make him a tomb for it. The cheery word, the sympathetic glance, aching to fulfil their destiny, find sure defeat against a cold exterior. This thwarting of impulse, this strangling of insurgent feeling, have their blasting effect upon the more spontaneous and happy nature of man, driving him to a degree of loneliness, of isolation, all out of proportion. He is as one apart. He can do no good work, or play; his physical cosmos is at odds. He needs the solar rays, emanating from the great sun-centre in every human breast, to warm his path, to light him to his journey's end. This sad lack (and actual want) is what Mr. Graham feels.

He, an English newly-come, I, a Canadian newly-come

Martian, through the ethereal blue, swerving dizzy, suddenly in upon us—all, all are meted out the one impersonal negative welcome. In the street car, in the elevator, in all the little intimate human congregations—of sympathetic eyes, of the swift unconscious recognition of the presence of one's own species, there is little.

This world, Toronto world, is not truthfully portrayed in the bearing of its citizens. Toronto, endowed with beautiful homes, wealth of learning centres, richness of commercial achievements, and the great gift of Nature-beauty, well might she burst into a spontaneous flower of good-will, and from out her grateful heart waft a universal song to all.

Englishmen, Canadians, we are all, pneumatic-cushioned, or with the trudge of weary feet, tending along an identical path—then—salute ye one another, and with the hearty clasp of comradeship, smooth out the way!

This to corroborate Mr. Graham, being another version from his text.

A NEWLY-COME.

MONTREAL IN 1849

Resolved: "That the Earl of Elgin, having so conducted himself in his Government as to insult and outrage the feelings of every British subject in Canada, and to disgrace the Scottish name, this Society, with the deepest regret considers him unworthy to continue longer its patron, and that he be therefore from henceforth removed from that office."

THIS was the resolution passed at a special meeting of St. Andrew's Society, of Montreal, held on April 28, 1849. Hugh Allan was the presiding officer. There were seventy-one members present, and the resolution was moved by Andrew McGill, seconded by Robert Esdaile, and unanimously carried. Such are the facts gleaned from an old annual report of St. Andrew's Society, and they go to show that the men in our forefathers' day took their politics seriously, for it is hardly necessary to say that the resolution above quoted came out of the signing of the Rebellion Losses Bill by Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of that day.

From the same source it is learned that quite a lengthy correspondence was carried on between Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bruce, Lord Elgin's military secretary, and James Gibson, secretary of St. Andrew's Society, it being alleged that the Governor-General had paid nothing for ball tickets, and therefore, the Society owed him nothing in return for a contribution which he had made them. In justice to the Earl it might here be mentioned that the misunderstanding over this matter arose from a paragraph published in the Montreal Gazette of that year, together with statements by the Hon. Mr. Ferguson in the Legislative Council, where it appears this gentleman championed the cause of the Earl of Elgin, and therewith got himself disliked by the members of St. Andrew's Society.

Passing along to the next annual report, that of 1850, we find that after a heated debate it was resolved to pass over the toast, "The Governor-General," at the annual dinner. This occasioned an immediate retort from Lieutenant-Colonel Horn, of the 20th Regiment, for it so happened that the Society had engaged the band of that regiment for its annual festivities. Lieutenant-Colonel Horn wrote that under the circumstances he could not let his band attend, for it was not his "duty" nor his "will" to countenance any slight to the representative of the Sovereign. In reply the secretary of the Society stated that he failed to conceive what the "duty" or the "will" of Colonel Horn had to do with their toast list, and under the circumstances they would get along very well indeed without his band.

It appears, however, that the original resolution was rescinded, and the toast, "The Governor-General," was again placed at the head of the list. However, it had better remained off, for the report goes on to tell us that the toast was received with "groans, hisses, reverting of glasses and other marks of disapprobation."

That this high-handed condemnation of Lord Elgin did not meet with the unanimous approval of the members of the Society is indicated in more than one significant paragraph of the reports. In 1851 the following resolution was passed: "That those who had left the Society from conscientious scruples, and who might wish to join again be readmitted without entrance fee."

How Lord Elgin was stoned and rotten-egged as he rode in state from Monklands to the old historic Chateau de Ramezay for the purpose of attaching his signature to the Rebellion Losses Bill; how these acts caused the seat of Government to be removed to quiet old Quebec, and how still later this act of Lord Elgin was justified in the eyes of a great majority of the population, as was the rebellion of 1837 itself, has long been a matter of history, but the stormy part played by these staid old Scotch merchants has long been locked up in the archives of the Society.

And now a few words concerning these men who took active part in politics in those stormy days. The Hugh Allan mentioned is, of course, the Sir Hugh Allan of latter years, and father of Sir Hugh Montague Allan. Robert Esdaile was an old-time merchant of Montreal, a president of the Montreal Board of Trade, and one of the foremost men of his day. Andrew McGill was one of three brothers, all of whom made their mark in Montreal's infant days. Of these three, James, Andrew and Peter, the latter was the founder of McGill University. And here is a strange coincidence, for only the other day, at a meeting of the Canadian Club of Montreal, Dean Walton, head of the law faculty of that University, said that the Rebellion of '37 was justified, inasmuch as it was a protest in favor of popular government; it was a protest against the governing of the many by the few, and that eventually the very ideas fought for at that time, and in the upholding of which men lost their lives, some by rifle bullets and some by the rope, became part and parcel of the free government which is enjoyed here to-day.

Why should the municipal elections in Ontario be held at one of the most inconvenient seasons of the year? (asks the Hamilton Herald.) Our municipal campaigns, continues that journal, are conducted in the last few weeks of the year, a time when Christmas and New Year activities make it hard for many citizens to devote much thought or work to civic duties. Ontario is alone among the provinces in adherence to this ancient folly. The Ottawa Journal points out that in Quebec the municipal elections are held on the third Monday in January; New Brunswick on the last Tuesday in October; Nova Scotia on the third Tuesday in November; Manitoba on the first Tuesday in December; in British Columbia on dates fixed by the different municipalities, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta on the second Monday in December.

RYRIE BROS. LIMITED

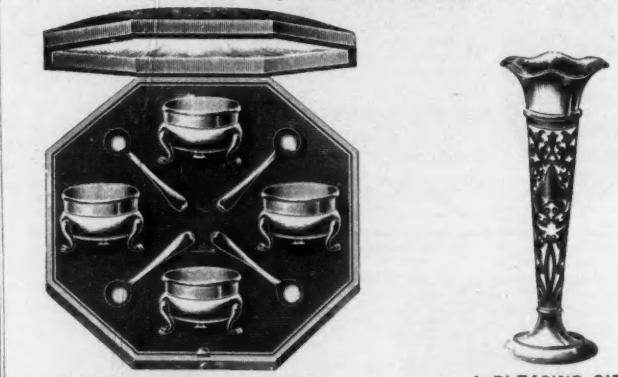
GIFTS WORTH GIVING

A few gift suggestions from our Silverware Department well worth considering for Christmas gift purposes.



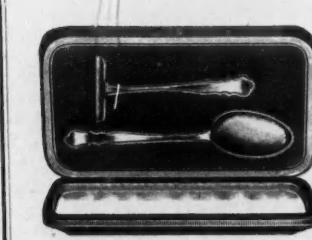
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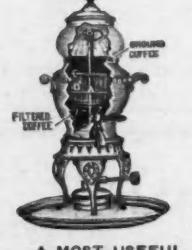
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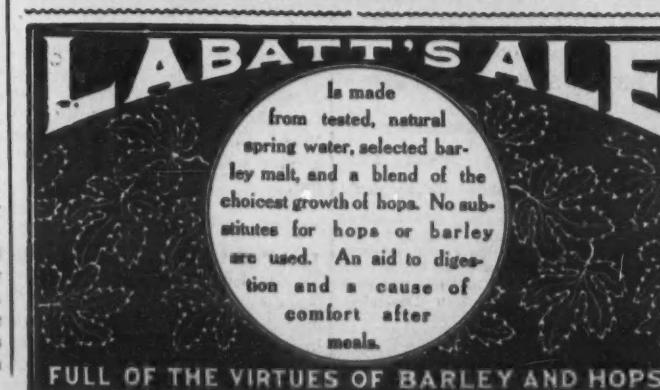
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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, December 8, 1908.

THE Suffragettes are upon us, and the male brow hereabouts is wearing a becoming expression of anxiety for the home. Curious, is it not, that whenever a creed, a tradition or a domestic institution—even to the warming of our slippers—is attacked, we fall back on such pious platitudes as "the sanctity of the home," etc. The last defenders of dying faiths from time immemorial have been these pious humbugs who will never distinguish self-interest from the world's spiritual welfare.

The suffragette movement simply means that the game is up. We are found out. Ages ago we appropriated the universe and defined the functions of women. Child-bearing, sewing on buttons, and the slippers—these things constituted their division of the labor. For a diversion we gave them religion and saw to it that they had at all times a virgin in good standing to worship. From the male standpoint the arrangement was perfect, while it lasted. In the nature of things, however, it couldn't last forever. The women have thrown down their cards and demanded a new deal. Why, we need not ask. They may be all wrong, they are probably ill-advised, but as good sports we must grant the request. I hope it is not betraying my sex unduly to characterize their assumption to give or withhold the privileges of the universe from them as an impertinence. Once we had the power it seems, but now even that is gone. And, to be quite honest with ourselves, brother, come what may, can the women bungle the job of running the world worse than we have?

The loss in little domestic comforts is, of course, more serious. But even these may be made up to us in the economic readjustment that is bound to follow. Meanwhile the repairing can be done at the laundry and cold slippers in out of the way places, we shall soon grow accustomed to.

For the long work day,
For the taxes we pay,
And the laws we obey
We want something to say.

THE Suffragettes are upon us and this is their slogan. The italics, of course, are mine, frivously designed to prove by internal evidence that whatever their virtues, these fair reformers are not humorists—at least not conscious humorists. Something to say! This is a limitation which few will recognize, I fancy.

Well, they have been saying it this week, and in some instances they said it well. As the daily press has no doubt informed you, Friday last was a general field day for the Suffragettes, a reconnaissance in force, on this the Empire City of the Western world. The principal gathering was the Carnegie Hall meeting, and the principal speaker Mrs. Snowden, who talked of the London movement. According to this lady the cabled accounts have done the Suffragettes a grave injustice. "You have heard," she said, "that we behaved like female Hooligans, and have upset the House of Commons. . . . Some women," she admitted, "have done things on their own initiative that have been unwisely done . . . but a cause must be judged by its strongest advocates, not the weakest," she argued. Of the other side of the story—for the story it seems has two sides—we have heard nothing, because, as Mrs. Snowden strongly intimates, much of it "would not be fit to print."

Mrs. Snowden is a handsome young woman, with a mass of blonde hair and a clear pleasing voice—not at all the belligerent one would expect in a Hollaway jail martyr. Our sympathies might have been wholly captured for the cause and its advocate, but for the timely arrival of Mrs. Wells, whose realistic and rather boastful account of a Suffragette attack on the Commons last October, would seem to confirm the cabled accounts of their queer antics. Mrs. Wells can hardly be reckoned among the "weakest advocates." Here is her description:

"The previous assault having failed, we planned a secret attack on October 28 from five or six points. Miss Matters and Miss Fox fastened themselves with the heaviest chains they could get to the grille in the visitors' gallery. When Mr. Remnant, of Finsbury, started to speak Miss Matters could not resist a 'remain-silent,' so she drowned his voice out. They tried to throw the two women out, but it was useless, and they had to let loose. During the filing process they continued to talk and dropped the speech in the House."

"We had to sleep on boards on a stone floor with a straw mattress, and the prison was dirty and unsanitary. Then, we had to get up at five o'clock in the morning and scrub out our cells with icy cold water and wash the tins. We worked ten hours a day, and had to go to bed at eight o'clock. We were kept in solitary confinement and not allowed to talk to any one."

The Carnegie Hall meeting was remarkably harmonious and representative. Society was there in full force, contributing almost an opera night splendor to the remarkable scene.

The afternoon meeting of the antis, held at Berkeley Theatre, was far from harmonious. A little band of Suffragettes, led by Mrs. Wells, almost provoked a small riot during Dr. Lyman Abbott's address, and the services of the police were finally needed to quell the disturbance. A feature of this noisy meeting was the reading of President Roosevelt's letter, in which he confessed to only "a lukewarm interest in the movement." In view of his well-known utterances on certain social questions, involving among things the functions of women, this attitude was not unexpected. He believes in "an equality of right," but he does not believe that "equality of right means identity of function."

Evidently the Suffragettes regarded the letter as of some weight, for Mrs. Catt, who presided at the Carnegie Hall meeting, and does not belie her name, administered to the President this severe scratching: "We know that a tree toad when it is on a brown bough is a brown toad, and when it is on a green bough it is a green toad. We know that he knows that women do not vote and that he can therefore afford to be lukewarm."

A PRETTY newspaper row developed this week as the result of a complimentary dinner to the ex-Tammany chieftain, Richard Croker, which twelve judges of the Supreme Court and District Attorney Jerome attended. It was a notable Democratic gathering, and but for Rabbi Wise, the impropriety of the judges sitting at meat with unsavory political bosses, would not have oc-

curred to anyone. Dr. Wise, however, publicly characterized it as "a humiliation to such citizens as are not likely to forget that the guest of the evening was the second of a triumvirate, the first of whom was the boodling Tweed and the third the unspeakable Murphy." Mr. Croker's retort was equally courteous, and Dr. Wise followed up with a severe castigation of the former Tammany boss: "Under the Penal Code limitations are operative which circumstance guarantees the safety of the honored guest of the Monday banquet, but the moral code knows no such limitations." This followed an arraignment of the judges, whose freedom in the matter of accepting their invitations he seriously questioned. "No decent, self-respecting citizen of New York," he concluded, "can fail to grieve over the truth that in the main the places on the bench of New York are dispensed by one who only a few years ago dispensed from the bar."

Evidently Mr. Croker decided to let the matter drop at this interesting point.

* * *

A DMIRAL COGHLAN, whose death has just occurred, leaves behind him an excellent fighting record, and a service extending over forty years in the U. S. navy. His chief claim to fame, however, outside the navy, seems to rest on his recital of the "Hoch der Kaiser" poem at the banquet tendered him at the Union League Club, following his return from Manila Bay, where he commanded the Raligh. His genial frankness on that occasion almost plunged his country into trouble with Germany. The history of the recital is as follows: Captain Coghlann had told the story of a German officer at Manila Bay, who came aboard the Baltimore to complain about the manner in which the Americans were stopping German ships from entering the harbor. Dewey is quoted as responding:

"Tell your admiral those ships of his must stop when I say so. I wish to make the blockade of this harbor complete."

"But we fly the German flag!" the officer said.

"Those flags can be bought for half a dollar a yard anywhere," was Dewey's retort. In the demonstration that followed the story, Coghlann was called upon to recite the verses. For the benefit of those who may have forgotten them I quote them here:

Der Kaiser von das Fatherland
Und Gott und I all dings command:
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Meinself—and Gott!

Vile some men sing der bower divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhinish wine
Of me—and Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all around;
She's ausgespielt—she's no aggond;
To much we think she don't aound,
Meinself—and Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again;
But if she should, I'll show her blain
Dot Eisass und (in French) Lorraine
Are men!—We could knock dem, Pouf! Like dot,
Meinself—and Gott!

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht schmall beer,
Midt doers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemispire
But Me—and Gott!

She dinks, good frau, from ships she's got
Und soldiers midt der scarlet goat.
Ach! We could knock dem, Pouf! Like dot,
Meinself—and Gott!

In dimés de peace brebare for wars,
I bear der helm und spear of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Caars,
Meinself—and Gott!

In fact, I auor efry whim,
Mit aspect dark and visage grim
Gott pulls mit Me and I mit Him,
Meinself—and Gott!

THE fate of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Winterfeast" is still undecided. That it will achieve the popular success of "The Servant in the House" is very doubtful. A greater play, from the standpoint of the serious student, than its successful forerunner, it has none of the elements of popularity and nothing of the sensational interest that attaches to that remarkable production. Without these qualities it is too much to expect that a piece of its literary worth should prove of wide public interest. The populace that feeds at musical lunch counters is not likely to relish the rich meats and foaming mead of the great dramatic feast which Mr. Kennedy has spread for the dramatically elect. The opening performance, too, had the misfortune to be played in too slow tempo. This defect has since been remedied, however, and the performance is now timed to suit the habits of the theatre-going public. Even at that it is a question whether the hurrying New Yorker can be slowed down to the measured beats of this stately tragedy.

Real lovers of the higher drama are few, and this week has demonstrated that even critics do not always recognize it at first sight. This, of course, does not apply to Mr. Winter's "slating" of the play which may at once be dismissed as insincere. If sincere it must in all charity be put down to the petulance of one who has been disturbed in some of his stage illusions. You will remember how he drove "The Servant in the House" before him with a rod, and he is constantly driving Sudermann, Ibsen and other great moderns out of his synagogue. Other authoritative critics, while recognizing that it may fail of popular appeal, have received it as a great literary and dramatic work.

Miss Matthison's beautiful performance of Herold comes in for well-merited praise all round. The opportunity of seeing this great actress at her best is not the least part of our obligation to Mr. Miller, whose enterprise made possible this production. The performance is full of emotional eloquence, of tragic dignity and great womanly charm. The beautiful reading of the lines, the exquisite cadence of voice, the eloquent gesture are all there to complete the rich harmony of color and line.

J. E. W.

Concluding an article on "War" in a recent issue of The Canadian Magazine, Professor Goldwin Smith says: "For the writer, a look at the contents of a field hospital which he chanced to see after an engagement, was enough. Not all the soldiers who slay and burn are fighting for their country. Some are mere mercenaries, slaying and burning for hire. Sir John Macdonald told the writer that there had been 40,000 Canadian enlistments in the American civil war. That war will soon cease and give place to rational modes of settling questions between nations is more than can be hoped. But we may learn to think seriously of war as the curse it really is, and to abstain from invoking or applauding it. There need be no detraction from the honor due to the genuine soldier, who goes forth at the bidding of his country, and is responsible neither for the cause of the war nor for its inevitable consequences. But we need not cultivate militarism."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

On December 4 a merry gathering were warmly welcomed by their generous hosts who received at the entrance to the ballroom where a cosy corner had been arranged with Persian rugs, easy chairs and a background of huge palms. The windows were banked with flowers and palms, and a cracking good orchestra was stationed in the Musicians' Gallery. Mrs. Clark wore a rich black gown, and carried a bouquet of deep red roses, sashed with red gauze. Miss Mary Clark, one of Toronto's most popular and charming girls, wore a soft satin gown in delicate art blue, with a design in raised gold embroidery and very graceful lines. Her bouquet was of pink rosebuds in 1850 style, and a pierced paper frill enhanced the quaint arrangement of the flowers. These dainty bouquets are becoming quite the rage, with the old-fashioned Directoire and Empire gowns, and certainly preserve their freshness and beauty better than the more modern armful called a sheaf. Miss Heney, of Montreal, was with Mrs. Clark's house party, and wore a dainty dress of white *mousseline de soie* with delicate painted design. Mrs. Barclay in a quiet black gown, and Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge, in a lovely silver grey gown, in which she was a picture. Miss Jeanette Barclay and Mrs. Baird, nee Palmer, nieces of the hostess, were also of the attractive family group. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie came in later, the lady in a pale blue Princess gown, exquisitely fitting her slim figure, and an over dress of blue jetté net, which fell loosely about the clinging satin gown. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock arrived at the same time, the little lady very sweet and pretty in a lovely gown. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, the lady in a fine blue satin, with embroideries of flowers in natural tints, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, the lady in maize chiffon with gold embroideries, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, the lady in an extremely modish gown of delicate blue satin, with a little coat of gold and silver embroidery and touches of mouse-colored gauze, were some of the few very intimate married friends and relatives. As for this and last year's belles, they were almost all at the dance from start to finish, and several little dinners were given either down town or in hospitable homes, to gather congenial little coteries beforehand, who came merrily flocking in about nine. The Misses Gibson were among the gayest of the young folks, Miss Gibson was in black lace with pretty white touches on the bodice, and Miss Meta Gibson wore very pale pink. These two young ladies are already favorites wherever they go. Miss Elise Mortimer Clark was very becomingly gowned in white and silver, and "enjoyed every moment," as I heard her whisper to her pleased hostess. A bonnie bride was Mrs. Philip Toller, who chaperoned her handsome sister, Miss McMurrich; both wore beautiful white gowns. Mrs. Allan Murray looked very nice in pale blue. Miss Pansy Mills, of Ottawa, wore maize satin and Miss Dot Kirkpatrick, of Niagara Falls, pale yellow. Miss Dorothy Biscoe, who is so popular, wore a white lace gown. Petite Miss Mary Davidson wore a quaint *vieux rose* shirred silk gown. The Misses Phillips wore pale blue satin Empire dresses, which recalled the recent happy day of their sister's marriage. Among other girls present were the Misses Hagarty, Miss Duggan, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Coady, Miss Nesta Mackenzie, Miss Evelyn Taylor, in a very pretty white and pink gown, with pink choux in her coiffure, Miss Garrow, Miss Fleury, Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Marjorie Murray, Miss Lennox, Miss Juliet Cayley, Miss Le Mesurier, Miss Hilda Cayley, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Fellowes, Miss Gooderham, of Deancroft, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, the Misses Adams, the Misses Darling, Miss Blackstock, Miss B. Ritchie, Miss Boyd, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss E. Cosby, Miss A. Harman, Miss Hunter, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Suckling, Miss Amy Saunders, Miss Davidson, Mr. Cameron Wilson, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. Gooderham, Mr. G. Mackenzie, Messrs. Harris, Mr. Wright, Mr. Kortwright, Mr. Dick, Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Greer, Mr. C. Bogert, Mr. G. Kingsmill, Major Michie, Mr. Toller, Mr. Band, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Gordon Perry, Messrs. Jarvis, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Harold Suydam and scores of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Hall have returned from New York, where Mr. Hall arrived recently after a long time spent in South America. They are spending the winter with Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall.

Miss Edwards is now the secretary of the Strolling Players' Club, and the programmes gotten up by various musicians in town are attracting a largely increased attendance.

Mrs. Creighton and Mrs. Fitton, of Brantford, are the guests of Mrs. Anthony H. Crease.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles have kept open house at their charming studio in Bloor street west, since three o'clock on Wednesday, and any number of visitors, personal friends and art lovers, have enjoyed an hour in its thoroughly artistic precincts. The Private View will be at an end at ten o'clock this evening. Even in this busy week it has been time well spent to see Mr. and Mrs. Knowles's beautiful and clever work.

Next Thursday night at eight o'clock, the annual oratorical contest of the Trinity College Literary Institute will take place in Convocation Hall, Trinity College.

The patronesses of the Athletic Association of Varsity's dance in the gymnasium last evening, were Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Lady Clark, Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. C. Wright, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. McCurdy, Lady Moss, Mrs. C. K. Clarke, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Fernow, Mrs. D. B. Macdonald, Mrs. W. T. White, Mrs. W. B. Hendry, Mrs. Pakenham, Lady Whitney, Mrs. Sweny, Miss Salter and Mrs. R. A. Reeve. I do not know what governs the order of precedence in the arrangement of the names of the patronesses on the invitations, so give them in the same order as they were placed on the cards. The dance occurred too late for notice this week.

Through the kindness of Mrs. A. R. Gregory, who was for several years Principal of Brantford Ladies' College, a reunion of the former students of that school was held at Westminster College on Friday afternoon, Nov. 27th. Invitations were limited to those residing in the city and other B.Y.L.C. girls who were visiting here. Nearly a hundred were present, representing almost every year since the founding of the College in 1875. The guests were received by Mrs. Gregory, who wore

a most becoming Alice blue gown with garniture of exquisite cream lace and carried a large bouquet of American Beauty roses, presented to her by a few of those who were students during her regime. She was assisted by Mrs. Cochrane, wife of the late Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., who was for many years Governor of the College; Mrs. G. R. Anderson and Mrs. W. J. Elliott, former B.Y.L.C. students, assisted by the Westminster young ladies, looked after the comfort of the guests. The handsome and spacious drawing-rooms were profusely decorated with red carnations and ferns, while the tea-room was most inviting in a color scheme of pink and white. It was conceded by all to be a most successful reunion which revived many pleasant memories.

Mrs. McPhedran is giving a tea this afternoon at her residence, 151 Bloor west, from 4.30 to 6.30.

Mrs. Parry, 578 Spadina avenue, is giving a tea next Thursday at her residence, to which guests are bidden at 4.30.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson and Miss Macdonald entertained last night at St. Margaret's College.

The marriage of Miss Trixie Ridley and Mr. George Varty takes place on January 2.

Next Wednesday evening a concert will be given in Conservatory Hall in aid of the Victoria Street Creche, in which Lady Moss takes a special interest, and is president of the Board.

This evening the Carter-Caldwell recital will be the attraction to a smart audience in Conservatory Music Hall. The young ladies who are to offer the best of their art are known to the music-loving public as a singer and pianiste of excellence and enthusiasm.

The only large dance of last week was one given by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark for their daughter's friends in the young set, in McConkey's on Friday evening. As is the rule when Mrs. Clark is hostess the guests enjoy immensely the care and *savoir faire* evidenced by that lady, for every detail is perfect and no thought or wealth is spared to ensure a complete success.

Mrs. F. M. Holland will receive at her new home, 29 Chicora avenue on the second Friday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Adoue, of Galveston, Texas, have announced the engagement of their daughter Pauline to Mr. George Franklin McFarland, of Toronto.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rosa Aletha Forney, Instructor in Modern Languages at the State University of Idaho, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Forney, of Moscow, Idaho, and Mr. Wilfrid G. Harrison, B.A., L.L.B., of Edmonton, Alta. Mr. Harrison took his Arts Degree at the University of Toronto with the class of 1900, and after a year at Osgoode Hall went to the Yukon. The last four years he has been practising law in Edmonton.

On Saturday, December 5th, at four o'clock, the marriage of Miss Agnes Louise Ross, youngest daughter of Mr. Simon Ross, Dunbar road, and Mr. Albert Cornell Hilborn, son of Mr. William Hilborn, Walker avenue, took place very quietly at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, the Rev. J. M. Cruise officiating. There were no attendants and the bride, given away by her father, wore a becoming travelling dress, Directoire fashion, of violet cloth, black picture hat, white fox stole and muff, and a large corsage bouquet of violets. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hilborn left directly for New York and Washington, and will, on their return, reside in Albany avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bryant have removed to their new house, 16 Castle Frank Crescent.

U.C.C. Rifle Cadets will give a dance in the College on Dec. 22, before leaving for the Christmas vacation.

Miss Athol Nordheimer, of Gleneathy is visiting Mrs. Otter in Ottawa. Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Bruce Macdonald in Jarvis street.

The dinner given by Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge last week in honor of the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson was of twenty covers, and among the guests were Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn Horn, J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, General Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams and Mrs. Mackelcan.

Major Churchill Cockburn arrived early in the week to spend the winter with his parents in Toronto.

The interest taken in Mr. Wheeldon's organ recitals from four to five o'clock every Saturday is evidenced by the increasing attendance, quite a crowd being present last Saturday in the Metropolitan Church. Mr. Wheeldon's second number that day was "Chant des Cloches," in which he has arranged a very beautiful motif for the chimes attached to the splendid organ, and has dedicated the composition to Mr. A. W. Austin, to whom I think I heard Toronto is indebted for the possession of so fine a musician. There will be a recital this afternoon.

On one evening last week, Lady Dorothy Smiley opened the church fair at Chester, where Rev. Mr. Biggs, her friend since early childhood, and once her father's chaplain, has been working most successfully in the Anglican Church. Lady Dorothy made a bright little speech in opening the bazaar, and delighted the parishioners by her tact and interest. The fair was, I am told, a signal success.

Miss Blanche Walter's recital with Mr. Harold Jarvis singing many of his sweetest songs, commanded a packed house at Association Hall last week. Miss Walters succeeded in keeping her hearers in very good humor, and did herself and her teacher, Mr. Owen C. Smiley, very great credit. Her "Marchioness" solo-logue pleased Dickensians greatly. The tributes of flowers were so varied and numerous as to completely fill a table, and two charming baskets of roses and lily of the valley were much admired. Miss Walters was quite dramatic as the old farmer's wife giving the history of a trotting race, where the parson's black "Jenny," driven by his daughter, disguised as a jockey, won the race from the braggart of the community.

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Formerly Featherbone Novelty Co., Limited

MAKERS OF
Exclusive, Art and Distinctive Styles in

Coats, Pleated and Tailored Skirts

The accompanying cut shows one of our new designs. We can produce this suit also many other models from your own material.

PLEATING—for fancy neck ruffles, frillings, flounces, jabots, waist-trimmings, etc.

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Xmas Gifts of Blooming Plants and Cut Flowers
If you are uncertain about what to give for Christmas remembrance

Dunlop's 96
YONGE ST.

will be pleased to send you a copy of their Christmas Price List. We will have a complete assortment of Blooming Plants in single pots, also in fancy hangers. Choice Cut Flowers absolutely fresh. We deliver anywhere on the continent and guarantee safe arrival. Phones Main 1424, 4790 Night and Sunday, Park 792

Cowan's
"Perfection"
Cocoa
is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.
THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Ashby-Jackson
MILLINERY SALON
113½ WEST KING STREET

WINES FOR CHRISTMAS



What more suitable gift could be given than one of our Christmas Hampers containing six bottles, according to choice, from \$5.50 up?

Our Cooking Sherry at 65c. and 75c. per bottle and our Brandy at \$1.00 and \$1.25 per bottle we can recommend.

We prepay freight to any point in Ontario on orders over \$25.00. Send for our new Wine List.

THE WM. MARA CO.

WINE MERCHANTS
79 Yonge St., - - - Toronto

VAULTS—71, 73, 75 and 77 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E.
Phones Main 1708 and Main 1709

THE TIRED SOLDIER

A TRAGEDY OF LAKE BAIKAL

Here is a tragic story of a Russian soldier's life. The incident takes place by Lake Baikal, the world's deepest water which is joined to Europe and the Pacific by the Trans-Siberian Railway. The story is taken from The Anglo-Russian, an interesting paper, which aims to spread "an accurate knowledge of international affairs and events in Russia and their bearing upon international policy." The story is translated by Helena Frank, and was first published by the "Land and Freedom" Society.

A DARK winter's night! Angry looking waves, driven by fierce gusts of winds, career across the mighty lake, tumble headlong over each other, and raise a cloud of icy spray. . . . The raging of the storm sounds far and wide. The wind howls, Lake Baikal is working itself into a fury. Into a fury—because certain miserable pygmies called men have come and disturbed the peace that reigned around its waters for ages.

They came with dynamite, levers and pick-axes, tore at the stony hills and crumbled them up, tunneled long roads in them, disfigured its beautiful, wild shores. They changed everything. Fiery monsters paddled hissing through its clear, cold waves, bearing thousands and tens of thousands of tired-out, unhappy, uncomplaining men.

Whither, why, what for? wondered the hoary Baikal. What is all this commotion and vanity?

And its fury rises, whistles and roars, as though it would pour the whole of its wrath and hatred on these covetous, senseless men.

Midnight! Terror and darkness . . . nothing to be seen, and the howling and roaring fill with dismay the heart of the solitary sentinel just placed here.

Spectre-like he stalks backwards and forwards on the high landing-stage, his musket over his shoulder, in a great sheepskin overcoat, felt foot-gear and a huge fur cap.

He has to keep guard there till three in the morning. It is not an hour since he was on duty, and he is already half frozen.

Heavens, how cold it is, and what a storm! Neither the sheepskin nor the felt boots can keep out the cold—it creeps in everywhere, and cuts like a knife. Icy shivers run down his spine and into every part of his body. His eyes smart, his cheeks tingle, the cold sea-spray covers him from head to foot. If he stood with his back to the sea and his face to the town it wouldn't be so bad, but that is forbidden. There are strict orders to patrol the land-stage on the seaside of it. . . .

He walks up and down, and looks out from the two ends of the stage, trying to distinguish something or other, but there is nothing to be seen; the few faint lamps make no impression on the surrounding darkness. His eyes ache and water with staring into the night and the wind.

Backwards and forwards he goes . . . the sea and the wind rise higher.

This is the third day of the gale, the third day there has been no crossing the lake. The weather will have played itself out before long; it may calm down towards morning, only, "God preserve us, how cold it is!" thinks the sentinel. Hands and feet are benumbed, and yet—the cold is not really so terrible! what he must do is to walk faster.

Still the wind is dreadful, and so are the icy showers of spray that seem to drench him from every side. They have already covered him with a thin crust like glass, and with every wave this frozen crust grows bit by bit thicker. He already begins to feel the weight of it, and it makes walking difficult, for his steps grow slower instead of faster, and every now and then he is obliged to pause to draw breath.

Tiny, fantastic icicles hang from his fur cap, and make it still more impossible to see. He tries pushing the cap to the back of his head, but this leaves his brow uncovered, and the cold strikes it fit to split his self out in prayer.

"Lord, save and be merciful to me a sinner, do not let me die, let me see my children again, my wife, my mother! Thou knowest, and I'm the only one at home who can work, their only bread-winner! What is to become of the children if I die? Fancy them wandering about the world, poor little ignorant things—who is to help them and protect them? Lord, Thou art my defender, my hope is in Thee, do not let me perish here for nothing and nobody!"

His lips move, his eyes fill with tears. But time passes and the icy shell grows heavier and weighs him down. His prayerful mood vanishes, and is succeeded by one of anger and hate. He wants to live, to live! His life is so much needed there, at home! But here? of what good is he here? None at all. He will die, and another will take his place. Again his lips move, but this time they whisper curses.

A minute later the anguish has him again.

"Who should come? Nobody will come! Who wants to go out on such a night? They have got together in the warmth, lain down and gone to sleep. He curses the escort that brought him and left him here on this awful night; he curses the officer, who gave

sleep. My four hours will pass, and then I shall be relieved. . . .

"But I can't possibly hold out till three o'clock!" flashes through him, and a keen pain pierces his heart like a stab. . . . He goes from hope to despair, from terror to hope, but this crust, his dreadful crust will undo him!

The sheepskin coat weighs him down; he cannot move his limbs freely. He walks a few steps, stops, draws a deep breath, stares out from under his icy fringe, takes another few steps, and stops again. . . .

"What shall I do?" he wonders. "Throw off the sheepskin?" The very idea terrifies him. "In half an hour I'd be frozen like a dog, and nobody would know."

He takes two more turns, and then leans, powerless, against the wall.

"I shall stand here till they come. Standing still is forbidden—but if I can't walk, what am I to do?"

And he stands—and the icy spray flies higher round him with a sort of frantic capering and dancing, drenches him over and over again, as though it wanted to encircle and carry off this miserable being, who dared to stand and face the angry waters on such a fearful night.

The spray showers are pitiless. . . . How should they know that the unfortunate, battered human being is not there of his own free-will, that others stronger, hard-hearted people, have put him there, and, regardless of the weather, have more or less forgotten him, just as they will forget the one who will take his place, as they forget the thousands and tens of thousands more who perish uselessly before their time?

How should they know that these same other people took him by force from his family, his home, from everything near and dear to him, drove him thousands of versts, and put him to guard this piece of shore against the foe, put him there alone, so absurdly helpless with his musket. . . .

They don't know or care to know. What they want is to get hold of him and strangle him for his audacity in their icy embrace. They fly into his eyes and nose and ears, and whisper derisively: "You had better go before it's too late. Drop your sheepskin and go! What do you expect to do here by yourself, you stupid senseless man? Of what use can you be? You will perish, and your death will have been no good to anyone—go away, go away!"

But fear of punishment is proof against all reasoning, and he stands and keeps a look-out. Only, the sheepskin is now so heavy that presently he will not be able to stand. His brain works tensely. "What shall I do?" he thinks. "Surely, I haven't got to perish here, forgotten by God and man? O God, God, help me!"

And suddenly it occurs to him that he ought to fire off his gun! That's the thing! he will fire, and someone will come to his help. . . .

He manages to fire. . . . But, oh, what a faint sound it made against the howling and roaring of the storm! He himself heard it, and it was doubtless audible at the further end of the landing-stage, but it can never have reached beyond, and nobody, nobody else will have heard it!

And yet he hopes and waits. . . . A long time of torturing suspense goes. . . . and nobody comes.

He fires a second shot, and waits again. But time drags on, and hope grows fainter and fainter till it is altogether extinguished. A tempest rises within him. He does not want to die here alone and forgotten, flung far away from his home and family. He does not want to die, he cannot die, and his anguished soul pours itself out in prayer.

"Be ye cursed, you Judases, traitors, drinkers of blood!"—he mutters—"you are warm and full-fed, and drunk, and I have to die like a dog—what for?" A suffocating sob interrupts him, and he weeps hot, helpless tears.

Time passes. . . . he is weighed down, down to the ground; he can hardly keep his feet. He grows giddy, his eyes darken, and something leaden oppresses his brain.

He stares in front of him, but he no longer sees the waves, or hears the roar of the storm.

He sees instead his family—his wife and children. He is at home with them again; they are all sitting at the table in the large, clean, warm room. The light burns before the ikon as though it were a holiday. All is bright and cheerful. His wife is saying something to him and smiling. The children are making merry, and the youngest, the baby boy, has crawled up to him, and pulls him about, and looks at him, and kisses him, while the old mother stands leaning on the stove, and she, too, looks lovingly at him, while tear after tear rolls from her eyes.

He feels happy. . . . only what has got hold of his feet? They seem rooted in the floor. He wants to get up from the bench, and cannot. And who is pulling him down to the ground? Whose claws have fastened on him, and will not let him go?

Yes, of course, he must fire off his musket as quick as possible!

He tries, but his fingers are powerless, and the musket slips from them and falls. And those accursed claws pull him down and down. His ankles



Christmas in the New Palatial Basement

LOVERS of the artistic never had such an enticing opportunity as our

New Basement Spreads before them this Christmas. We have brought productions of design and modelling here from all over the world. Holland contributes brass ware and pottery, France contributes Cut Glass and China, England sends dinner ware and tea sets, the United States sends hand painted China in the new style, Germany and Austria contribute statuary, Japan sends us china and brass—all of it artistic, all of it tasteful, much of it in the modern spirit of design.

What about expense? You'd be surprised. You have grown accustomed to seeing single odd pieces in jewelry stores or elsewhere, marked in rather extravagant figures. Nothing of the kind here. Come and see.

SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT SEESAW



(Patent Applied For)

A Splendid Christmas Present
The newest and most attractive amusement and healthful exerciser ever invented. Seats are always level. Can't upset or scratch the furniture. For house or lawn use the year round. Built to last, with metal bushings, and handsomely finished. The smallest child can ride safely with a heavier boy through a mechanical device. Takes space about five feet long. Write for circular.

In Bright Vermilion or Stained Finish, with Polished Nickel Seats, each \$5.00. Slide (not illustrated above) \$1.50. Cash with order. Send to-day. Will hold until instructed.

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Queen Quality SHOE

\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 Custom Grade

When you buy shoes you want a variety to choose from. No shoes in the world offer so great a variety as "Queen Quality." Then you want shoes that you know about. It is a tremendous protection to order by name for the reputation of a successful product is too valuable to allow of deterioration.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., Limited

Electric Portable LAMPS For Christmas Gifts

A lamp is without doubt one of the most sensible and useful of gifts. Who is there that would not appreciate a handsome parlor or library lamp that has the merits of usefulness and durability, rather than a trifle that is soon forgotten? Our stock of portables has no equal for artistic merit, individuality and exclusiveness. Our showrooms are well worth a visit whether you wish to purchase now or not.

Toronto Electric Light Co.
12 Adelaide St. East Limited

He feels happy. . . . only what has got hold of his feet? They seem rooted in the floor. He wants to get up from the bench, and cannot. And who is pulling him down to the ground? Whose claws have fastened on him, and will not let him go?

Yes, of course, he must fire off his musket as quick as possible!

He tries, but his fingers are powerless, and the musket slips from them and falls. And those accursed claws pull him down and down. His ankles

give way. . . . he makes one desperate effort to hold himself erect, and then he, too, falls with a groan on to the ice-covered stage.

The spray showers, victorious, whirl and caper triumphantly and madly round him, look into his eyes and whisper derisively: "Go to sleep, go to sleep, you are tired, tired."

They are masters now of the motionless body; swiftly they throw themselves upon it, layer upon layer, but he no longer feels them; he makes no complaint.

"We find the prisoner not guilty by reason of insanity." "But the plea was not that of insanity," remarked the court. "That's just the point we made," rejoined the foreman. "We decided that any man who didn't have sense enough to know that an insanity plea was the proper caper must be crazy."—Philadelphia Ledger.



CANADA — EUROPE

New Steamers of the Allan Line

will provide a regular service between St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and Liverpool, during the winter season of navigation.

COT-SICAN GRAMPIAN HESPERIAN TUNISIAN

are classed amongst the steadiest ships afloat. Superior cuisine, heating arrangements, ventilation, etc., ensure comfort to passengers. These steamers are, in fact, the result of over fifty years experience of the requirements of the Canadian route.

Send for illustrated pamphlets of the "New Allan Liners." Full particulars as to rates and sailings on application to

"THE ALLAN LINE"

General Agency for Ontario

77 Yonge Street, Toronto

SPORTING COMMENT

LEARNING TO SKATE.
Some boys in Holland teaching their sisters how to skate.

THE Motor League's suggestion

that all vehicles be required to carry lamps at night is being considered by a committee of the City Council. Toronto's Chief of Police favors the proposal, but sees no reason why vehicles should carry lights on rear. The kind of lamp that would be carried on the ordinary vehicle would be the common or garden lantern, and the effect of its dim rays would do little more than serve to make the surrounding darkness black and impenetrable. The strong lights carried by automobiles serve their purpose thoroughly, so that autos seldom are in danger of colliding with anything; but if all vehicles carried lights, horses would soon cease to feel alarmed at the auto searchlight, which, coming up the road, must to a nervous horse, look like the eyes of some monster that horses dream about after having eaten too many oats. In this country we have not those regulations of the road which are so numerous in England, where pedestrians only are allowed to travel without carrying bell and candle.

The interest in winter sports, particularly that of snowshoeing and skating, has never lapsed, and to-day Montreal contains more snowshoers and skaters than ever before in her history. The date set for the carnival is from February 10 to 20.

** * *

IT is expected that Charles Macpherson of Dawson will journey all the way from the Gold City to Winnipeg, in order to make one of the All-Canadian team of thirty-five men who will go to Scotland to compete in the world's championship. There will be ten men from what is called the Manitoba branch, ten from Ontario, ten from Quebec, and five from the Maritime Provinces. It is interesting to note that a flourishing curling club has been organized away up at Athabasca Landing, and a good winter's sport is predicted.

** * *

Two worthy followers of the royal and ancient game of golf were in the habit of daily playing together, says The Yorkshire Post. In the course of time one lost his wife, and on hearing the sad news his friend of the links paid on the following morning a call to express his sincere sympathy. Condolence having been declared, second nature manifested itself.

"You'll no be bowfin' the day?"

There was a pause ere the answer came:

"Weel, I'll just tak' ma cleek an' we'll play yin or two holes. Anyway she deed yesterday."

The Game of Peace

This piece of newspaper verse, by a well-known Canadian journalist, was written at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, and appears in the New York Sun.

HERE is a hazard fashioned to my taste!
A crumbling fort where warriors once had sway,
Through years of peace so fallen to decay
Its grass grown battlements can scarce be traced.

A tee and green are now so deftly placed.

The ball with bullet flight must make its way
Where'er our "young barbarians at play"

Would score, not wander in a thorny waste.

Where once our heroes wrought their deeds of fame
And dreamed of lives with death and glory crowned,

Intent on sport and very much alive,
I, like some cautious gunner taking aim,

Address a ball where once a cannon frowned
And hope to shame that cannon with my drive.

—Peter McArthur.

TRAVEL TO CALIFORNIA VIA CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RY.

When you go to California see that your tickets read via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Leave Union Station, Chicago, on The Overland Limited, at 6:05 p.m., and arrive in California the third day. Another train at 10:10 p.m. daily carries through standard and tourist sleepers.

Personally conducted tourist car parties to the Pacific Coast via this railway leave Chicago at 10:10 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays.

Complete information regarding railway and sleeping car fares, routes and train service, free on request to

A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC**DO YOU LIKE TO SETTLE DOWN?**

Starting on a long journey to Winnipeg, or Calgary, or Vancouver, don't you like to make yourself at home in your sleeper, secure in the knowledge that you will not be disturbed, have to change cars, or bother about your baggage, before you reach your destination?

Canadian Pacific through service—the only through service in existence between the North and West Coast gives you this comfort. Cars for Winnipeg and the Coast leave Toronto daily at 10:15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS**

Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit, Port Huron, Mich.; Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

AT SINGLE FARE

Good going Dec. 21st to Dec. 25th, 1908. Also good going Dec. 28th, 1908, and returning Dec. 31st, 1908, and Jan. 1st, 1909. Returning until Jan. 4th, 1909.

For full information apply to any Grand Trunk Agent.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**WREYFORD & CO.'S**

85 KING ST. WEST

Their Selections are Individual in Style and Quality.

We have all the

"JAEGER" SPECIALTIES

Derby Jackets, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Vest, Fins, Shawls for Gentlemen.

Golf Coats, "Musme" Dressing Jackets, Shawls, Motor Scarfs, etc., for Ladies.

Jaeger Slippers and Hosiery for all the family.

Our GLOVE Department is complete with the best from all manufacturers. Cape Fur and Wool Liner and specialties. Fawn, Melba, and Vicuna for outdoors.

Ask to see our English Cardigan Coat, all in one combination, \$14.25. It is the best value down this season.

Just received shipment of fine Neckwear Silks made up in the new open-end Derby. Regular 70c. value for 50c.

Christmas Suspenders and Neckwear, boxed from 50c.

We pay express charges on all parcels over \$10. Phone Main 2611.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 16, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Land Office or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet the requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. COX,
Deputy to the Minister of the Interior
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

GIFT BRUSHES**Handsome Mink Ties That Make Ideal Christmas Gifts.**

No gift would be more acceptable than one of these Ties or Stoles, for not only is mink one of the most popular Furs of the season, it is unquestionably the most practical Fur for all occasions.

The illustration represents the effectiveness of some of the designs we have produced. The large number of styles shown and the wide range of prices insure a selection satisfactory in every way.

Mink Tie, made of dark, natural fur, with skin crossing and hanging loose on shoulders, trimmed with heads, tails and paws, \$35 and \$45. Attractive Cross-over Tie, of dark, natural mink, with head at throat, wedge-shaped ends, \$40. Mink Tie, as illustrated, with split ends, heads, tails and paws at throat and ends, \$40 and \$45. Very Handsome Mink Stole, showing two stripes on the shoulder, with skin hanging loose, trimming of twelve tails across the front and eight on the ends, \$65.

Designs illustrated range e from \$25 to \$150

HOLT, RENFREW & CO., Limited, 5 King St. East

Jaeger Pure Wool Fancy Goods Just a Few Suggestions for Xmas

Jaeger Pure Wool Goods combine qualities of beauty and usefulness with hygienic value found in no other articles. They are therefore most suitable as Christmas Gifts, and are very highly appreciated by all who are fortunate enough to receive them.

We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to visit our store on Adelaide Street W., and to examine these articles for themselves. Watch our windows.

The great variety of goods displayed and the moderate price charged for goods of such sterling quality will appeal to all tastes and purses.

Ladies' Knitted Nor-

folk, and various styles of Golfers and Golf Coats; great variety; latest styles, from \$2.50 to \$10.00

Ladies' "Musme" Neglige Jackets, in dainty colorings of Pure Wool Delaine, trimmed Silk \$3.75

Cream Delaine trimmed hand-painted, velvet \$6.00

Jaeger Fleece Slippers, in fancy checks or plain colors, with felt and leather soles, all sizes for men and women \$1.50

A variety of other styles in stock, for men, women and children.

Cut out and keep this advertisement

10 Adelaide St. W. Toronto Dr. Jaeger's Co., Ltd., Next to the Savoy Restaurant

"HALLIWICK"

Winchmore Hill, London, England

SCHOOL FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN

Principal: THE MISSES FEN-ON

Assisted by Resident English and Foreign Governesses and Visiting Professors.

HALLIWICK is admirably situated within nine miles of London, and is surrounded by beautiful grounds, with Gardens, Tennis Lawns, Cricket and Hockey Fields, and with a Golf Course adjoining.

Prospectus and full particulars to be obtained from Mr. A. G. Bullock, 306 Seaton Street, Toronto.

Phone Main 536.
HOOPERS, THE QUALITY DRUG STORE, 83 KING ST. WEST



The New Boy and The Bully

A Meeting That Didn't End in the Manner Favored in Fiction.

IT was in Commutersville. The new small boy in the neighborhood swung on the front gate, humming to himself.

He was a nice if somewhat waxy looking boy with hair chopped off at the back like a Russian mujik's and peachy cheeks and blue eyes like moss agates and pretty manners, and his mother saw to it that he brushed his teeth every morning and evening, and she used a nail file on his finger nails too, and he wore those queer outdoor playing suits with the floppy, hanging belts and all like that way.

But for all these things he looked like a nice little boy.

He was finding it pretty hard to get acquainted with the other boys in the neighborhood. It is difficult, for that matter, for any boy whose mother has his hair chopped mujik style to get acquainted with the other boys in the new neighborhood. Think this over.

The other boys in the neighborhood sort of held aloof from him. They were all boys whose hair was cut short, and those of them that didn't go about all the time in their regular clothes wore those suits of playing dungearees that give youngsters a chance to move around in the dirt without doing any particular damage when they muss.

The other boys in the neighborhood played football on the vacant lot quite a good deal, and duck on the rock and leapfrog and follow my leader.

They weren't addicted to the habit of swinging on their front gates. Several of them could spit through their teeth and two or three of them could whistle shrilly with their fingers in their mouths. These facts are mentioned to show how different they were from the new boy in the neighborhood, that it may be better understood how lonesome he was.

Not only did the other boys seem to hold aloof from the new boy, but two or three of them actually evinced an inclination to pick on him.

For example, when they passed by with their football gear on, on their way to the vacant lot, they'd catch sight of the new little boy in the neighborhood swinging lonesomely on his front gate, and they'd stick their fingers to their noses at him—and then the real rough, rowdy boys in the gang would call out to him: "Hey, there, Winnie, why hain't you croshayin', hey?" or "Pipe the cutey with his sister's hair!" or "Say, Edith, why don't you git some jacks and play with 'em?" and address him in terms of similar disparagement.

For several days the new boy in the neighborhood stood for this, but at length it began to get him on the raw.

He couldn't help it, he argued to himself—yes, small boys argue these things out with themselves—he couldn't help it if his mother insisted against his father's wish that his hair be cut in that fool way, and it wasn't his fault either that his mother made him wear those white stockinettes that made him show his sort o' chilly bluish legs to everybody, and it wasn't his fault either that he had to wear those floppy suits like the pictures his mother cut out of The Ladies' Heartstone, with the sagging belt hanging all around it.

None of these things, he argued to himself, was his fault. He himself was not only willing but eager to be like the rest of the boys in the neighborhood, but he couldn't get away with it.

But, at that, still arguing to himself, he wasn't going to stand for many more of the fancy cracks of those other boys. He sure was not.

He was going to show 'em that he resented it the very next time.

And so when on the following day the bully boy of the neighborhood swung by and made faces at the nice little boy who again was swinging on the front gate and humming to himself, the new little boy in the neighborhood summoned himself to meet the situation.

"Say, I don't want you to do that to me," he said, just like that.

"Oh, y'don't, hey?" said the bully boy, with another grimace and approaching closer. "Say, how'd'j like to have me hand you a spank on th' ankle, hey?"

"I wouldn't let you," was the prompt and spunk reply of the manly little fellow swinging on the front gate. "Indeed I would not," he added, the sense of wrong welling up within him.

"Aw, g'wan, y' reed bird," said the bully boy, obviously meaning by that to refer to the somewhat pipestemmy legs of the new little boy. "Go bag

y'r head," and he continued to approach.

"Don't you come any closer to me," earnestly warned the new little boy in the neighborhood. "This is my gate and I've got a right to swing on it all I choose. I don't wish to have you bother me."

"Oh-ho, y' don't, hey?" said the bully boy, whose face was freckled and tanned. "Say, f'r two cents I'd leave a shoe in y'r ear, d'ye know that, Ethel?" and he kept right on getting closer, in a menacing way, to the nice little boy.

"You leave me alone or I shall fight you," was the out and out challenge that the new boy uncoiled right then and there.

Suiting the action to the word he climbed down from the gate, stepped outside the gate, closed the gate with the determination of somebody burning his bridges behind him, and stood awaiting the onslaught of the bully boy, who, with a confident grin, walked up and—

However, the place for the pause has now arrived. Right here. This isn't one of those comic supplement things.

If it were it would show how the new little boy in the neighborhood walked into the bully boy and biffed him all over the sidewalk and rolled him in the ditch and tossed tar from the nearby paving gang's tar pot into his eyes and pushed him through a line of sewer pipe about to be laid and kicked him up and down the street for a block or so, and finally landed on top of him, pinning him to the ground and asking him if he had enough.

However, it didn't come off that way, not at all.

The new little boy in the neighborhood with the mujik hair and things had no sooner advanced boldly upon the bully boy of the neighborhood than he caught a clip on the starboard side of his peachy chart that sent him to the brick wall for the count, and while he bellowed at the top of his voice and lay and kicked on the pavement the bully boy walked up the street whistling cheerfully.

And then the mother of the nice little boy came a-rushing out of the house and picked him up and asked him what it was and who had hit mamma's darling on the starboard jowl, and later on in the day she went over to the home of the bully boy and complained to the latter's mother, and the bully boy's mother said that, yes, indeed, she'd see to it, while she was secretly tickled to death that she had an offspring that could wallop any kid on the block, and when the bully boy got home his mother told him that he really ought to be more careful, 'deed he had; and so on and so on and so on.

Hateful business, this thing of having to scalp these comic supplement pipes. But facts is fact just the same as eggs is aigs.—New York Sun.

The Shoppers.

OH, the Christmas tide is rising! You can see it on the street In the attitudinizing Of the shopper most discreet. There are merry times a-coming; Santa Claus is on the way— You can tell it by the humming 'Round the bargain counter gay.

There's a boom in worsted slippers Such as pious preachers wear; Woollen mitts for chilly flippers, Rich tararas for the hair: Every toy shop's spick and spandy, All abloom with dolls and things; And the men who make the candy Look as prosperous as kings.

Santa Clauses by the dozens Stand behind the window panes, While our sisters, wives and cousins Dissipate our surplus gains.

E'en the fated Christmas turkey By the spectacle is nerved As he thinks how fine and perky He will look when he is served.

There are twenty thousand women On each ordinary block In a human ocean swimmin', With no thought of frazzled frock. Like a lot of centre rushers In resistless force they roll— Fullers, haulers, shovvers, pushers, They're advancing toward the goal.

Mr. Porthos, Mr. Athos, D'Artagnan, the fierce and brave, Would become a thing of pathos If they stood before that wave, For a woman with a mission That is all beneficence Would have made that coalition Look like 27 cents.

John Kendrick Bangs in New York Sun.

THE CHARMING WINTER RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, FLORIDA, ETC.

Much as we love our Canadian summer, there is no denying the fact that many find the extreme winter weather hard to bear, and long to

FOR some time my family seemed to buy a Gourlay-Angelus. I did not know much about it, but felt sure they would grow tired of it in a month's time. So I rented an Angelus, the cabinet player adjustable to any piano.

"That was three months ago and instead of growing tired of it, the family are now more enthusiastic than ever.

"But they don't have to pay me any more. I'm as much of an Angelus enthusiast as any of them now.

"I wish you would let me know what allowance you will make on my present piano (which was new last year) in exchange for a Gourlay-Angelus."



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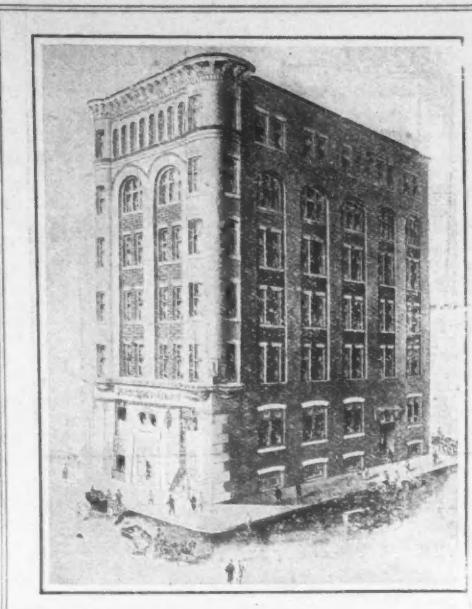
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Grank Trunk Pavilion at the Franco-British Exhibition, held in London, Eng., during the past summer. This is in addition to the Grand Prix awarded the company, of which notice was given some weeks ago.

HOME BANK STAFF CHANGES.

Mr. W. J. Hill has been promoted to the position of acting manager of the Home Bank of Canada office in London, Ont., Mr. A. W. Hart, accountant of the Church street office of the Home Bank in Toronto, succeeds Mr. Hill as accountant in the London office.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone [Private Branch Exchange con- nects with all Departments.] Main [6640]

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL,

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Four Star, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal newsstands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2.00
Six Months.....	1.00
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Postage to American, European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 12, 1908. No. 9.

!?-POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.-?!

JOHN CAMERON AND THE GLOBE.

THE period of John Cameron's editorship of The Globe was a stormy time in politics. He had had a brief experience in journalistic leadership. The Liberal, the newspaper on which Mr. Blake bestowed his blessing, and which was supposed to voice a school of Liberalism The Globe neglected, lived only about ten months, and Mr. Cameron was probably too busy financing during that ten months to give much attention to the political direction of the paper. The late Christopher Tyner was the leader-writer, with William Houston as colleague. The late E. F. Clarke was foreman, and Mike Gloster, present foreman of The Telegram, chief make-up. It so happened that Mr. Cameron, Mr. Houston, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Gloster illustrated in their hair the various shades of red from Titian to ginger. When they were all gathered around the "stone," as frequently happened, a soft illumination seemed to radiate from the assembled heads, and the combs looked on in wonder.

On the cessation of The Liberal Mr. Cameron returned to London. In the meantime Mr. Gordon Brown, who succeeded his more famous brother in the editorship of The Globe, had got at loggerheads with his board, and finally the sensational announcement was made that Mr. Brown had retired and Mr. Cameron was to be his successor.

Had it been easy sailing, Mr. Cameron might have gradually fitted himself to his place. But John A. became the world like a Colossus; his opponents were aggravated at his eternal success and were not disposed to forgive mistakes on the part of those conducting the warfare against him. There were Northwest rebellions, Riel hangings, Jesuit Estates bills, and all sorts of political rocks and shoals. It would have required a pretty nifty sailor to keep in the safe channel, for when you dodged a rock you found the good old ship with her nose tight in the sand. Mr. Cameron was brimful of ideas, but he had not the art of picking out the best one, so far as his judgment went, and sticking to it through thick and thin. His readers were not quite sure which side of the Jesuit Estates question he was on, and the politicians looked savagely over their noses. He finally decided to return to The Advertiser, which he created and which he loved.

It is a circumstance worth mentioning that Mr. J. S. Willison, who succeeded Mr. Cameron as editor, got his first employment in newspaper work from Mr. Cameron, and that his still more remote successor, Mr. Macdonald, the present editor, also received his first compensation for newspaper work from Mr. Cameron. Mr. Willison went on The Advertiser, of London, as proofreader. When his chief went to The Globe Mr. Willison came with him to Toronto, and eventually filled his chair. These are life's processes.

While Mr. Macdonald was a student in Knox College he was editor of the Knox College Monthly. Becoming known to Mr. Cameron through that connection, an arrangement was made that Mr. Macdonald should contribute to the editorial columns on certain classes of subjects. Mr. Cameron, it must be admitted, could pick out journalists if the highest success was not possible to him self.

* * *

STORIES TOLD BY DR. JAMES SAMSON.

DR. JAMES SAMSON, the newly-appointed lecturer in Ontario on the Old Age Annuities Bill, is one of the most remarkable unelected men in Canada. By force of character and ability he should long ago have been in Parliament, if not in a Cabinet position. In his palmy days as an orator in the County of Kent, Dr. Samson delivered more great speeches than any candidate that ever ran in that part of the country. Naturally an orator, the Doctor was a marvelous reader, had a tremendous memory and an unfailing fund of good stories. His ability as an entertainer has been recog-

nized in about one thousand country church concerts at which he has been chairman. That was during his many years in the town of Blenheim, which he left for Windsor some years ago, after he had gathered enough knowledge of farmers to fill several books.

Dr. Samson was born on a farm. He is fond of farm yarns. One which he sometimes tells is rather of the Poe order. One rainy fall day, when a boy on the old home, east of Blenheim, he had got through greasing his boots; it was still raining—a grey ceaseless downpour that shut out of view most of the rather narrow landscape except a second-growth bush behind the swamp. This patch of woods was a famous place for gunners. In those days it was the ambition of every healthy farm boy to shoot a wild cat. James had that ambition. This rainy fall day he was dreaming about it as he sat by the stove and watched the window. As he thought over the thrills of wildcatting he became suddenly aware that an animal was moving with remarkable celerity over the tops of the second-growth trees.

The more he looked the more James felt sure it must be a wild cat. No other beast could have walked on trees with such agility. He went to the shed for the gun, yanked his cap from the rack over the stove and went to the window to take a last look so that he might locate that lynx. When he got there he discovered that the wild cat was travelling on the tops of the swamp-trees—as a house-fly on the window-pane!

Coincidences are a favorite theme with Dr. Samson. When a student of medicine in New York he was lying one day under the trees down in Battery Park. Some celebration was on in the city and a number of rigs went by. One which the young man noticed particularly was a four-horse drag, beside the driver of which sat a man with a remarkably red face. There was nothing spectacular about the man except the color of his face, but the novelty of a four-horse drag in New York was the thing that clung to Samson's mind as such simple things often will when more serious matters pass out. It was the first four-horse drag ever driven in New York.

A few years ago Dr. Samson, then in Windsor, picked up a copy of an Australian newspaper. In that paper he came across a letter from a man in Australia, in which the writer doled out reminiscences of his first trip to New York, on which occasion he said he had ridden on the first four-horse drag ever turned out in that city.

"And it was the merest coincidence," said the Doctor, "that of all the people who read that particular issue of that sheet, I was probably the only man who remembered the incident of the four-horse drag."

* * *

HE FILLED THE HOLE WITH DYNAMITE.

"DYNAMITE," said a gentleman at the club the other day, "is usually employed to blow holes in things, but on one occasion it was used to close a hole." And then he told the story: It was when the firm of Ryan & Haney had the contract for digging the Canadian Sault Canal. In the spring the firm was ready to resume operations on the work which the winter had suspended. The work of excavation was far advanced and the floor of the canal was crowded with \$250,000 worth of machinery. Mr. Haney was domiciled in a house in the midst of his iron monsters superintending the preparations for re-commencing.

Under a western wind Lake Superior rises several feet at the east end. This was the state of things on the night in question. About three in the morning the watchman came knocking at Mr. Haney's door and shouting that the water was pouring through the embankment that separated them from the whole waters of the lake. When Mr. Haney thought of that \$250,000 worth of machinery which lay in the path of the flood it did not take him long to get his clothes on.

When he arrived at the embankment he found the water coming through at a spot about half-way from the top. It was evident that it would not be long before the whole embankment would be washed away. There are two classes of minds. One would cease to operate in presence of such a threatened catastrophe. The other kind works with accelerated speed. Mr. Haney's thinker started running under full pressure. He sized up the situation in a moment. The frost had raised the embankment at that spot and as it thawed out a species of arch was left. The rising of the water under the influence of the west wind had found the weak spot, and the water was coming through and momentarily increasing. The thing to be done was to pound the earth back into its place. But how?

"Run for a box of dynamite," he said to the watchman.

The man ran without a word. When he came back the contractor placed it on top of the bank immediately above where the water was swirling away mud and gravel. The fuse was applied and quickly lit. When the two men returned from their hiding places after the detonation their feelings may be imagined when they found the stream stopped and all apparently sound and taut again, save for the hole on top of the bank. A few hours afterwards the water receded and all hands were put to work to strengthen that bank. Thus was a hole filled by dynamite and \$250,000 worth of machinery saved.

* * *

HE WAS A THOUGHTFUL LAD.

THE two little chaps did not take up much room in the crowded Belt Line car which was tearing up Sherbourne street, towards Rosedale, on Saturday afternoon after the matinee. With their neat little reefer jackets and tiny caps, they sat huddled, both of them in a space between two grown-ups, that would hardly have accommodated a person of ordinary size. But the lads did not mind the squeezing, for they were very small and very well behaved, and looked very much like brothers.

The car stopped and a lady entered. She was a nice looking lady with furs and a big hat and everything that goes to make up a nice lady. She came down the aisle of the crowded car, but there were no seats vacant, so she caught a strap, right in front of the place where the two little boys were squeezed.

Quick as a flash the elder brother, who was about nine years old, was out of his seat, doffing his cap and smiling.

The lady looked at the few inches of cushion which had been his. It was certainly too small even to try

to sit in, so she smiled back at the boy, who became visibly embarrassed, at his little brother's lack of gallantry. He stood for a minute waiting for the little fellow to vacate also, and then, smiling assuredly at the lady, he turned and said, scornfully:

"Get up, you mut, and give the lady your half of the seat."

She didn't have to stand a minute longer.

* * *

W. L. M. KING AND THE COW.

HAVE you heard the story of the recent encounter between W. L. M. King, M.P., and the auctioneer? If not, it is a good one. It seems that in the course of the campaign in North Waterloo the presumptive Minister of Labor and his friends had a series of adventures. First they met a crowd of men who were putting up telephone or telegraph poles, and, of course, the candidate had to get out of his buggy and give a hand. Next the party ran up against a barn-raising, and, of course, nothing would do but that the Boy Who Had Been Raised on a Farm should turn to and give a hand. These two experiences ought to have been enough for one day, but as the tour proceeded fortune brought them to a farmhouse where there was an auction sale of cattle. And pretty poor cattle they were—almost on a par with the farm itself. Just as soon as the new arrivals loomed in sight the worst animal in the barnyard was being brought up for disposal.

"Now," said the auctioneer, seizing his opportunity, "we have an unexpected and a most valued addition to our audience. We have now with us the next member of Parliament for North Waterloo, and we are going to give him the first chance at this most valuable animal."

And, seizing opportunity by the ears, he at once put the cow on parade.

"How much am I offered?" said the auctioneer.

Mr. King, not wishing to appear mean, after it was apparent that no one else would bid, presumably because they did not wish to forestall the politician, bid "Five dollars."

And the auctioneer, without waiting for further bids, at once knocked down the animal to Mr. King for five dollars. It was a case of "Going, going, gone," at once.

And you ought to hear Mackenzie King tell of his troubles in finding a widow who had no family, and therefore no vote attached to her household, to whom, without arousing suspicion of bribery and corruption, he could hand over the wretched animal.

Goodness knows what would have happened had woman suffrage been in force in Canada. Mr. King might have had to take the cow to China with him!

* * *

COMMON SENSE VS. LAW.

AN Ontario municipality not many miles from the Niagara frontier was considerably agitated a few years ago over a question that required a number of public meetings to settle.

At one of the meetings the local lawyer had the floor and was advising a line of procedure that was obviously against the interests of the town, and which strongly hinted of a retaining fee from "the party of the second part."

It is surprising how many different viewpoints a lawyer can find from which to argue, when it suits his purpose, and the way he puts the matter to the citizens was summed up in the words, "But it would be only common sense," etc.

One of the solid citizens of the town rose to his feet. Pointing his finger at the legal light he thundered:

"We're not asking you for common sense—but what's law?"

* * *

PASSING OF A WELL KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

M. R. JAMES L. MORRISON, who died at his home on Winchester street, on Friday night of last week, was in his seventy-third year, and had been a resident of Toronto for forty-nine years.

He was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and when he reached Canada in 1859 he came direct to Toronto and went into the commission business. Later he became interested in a number of well-known enterprises. In his early days he was on the board of directors of the Credit Valley Railway Company. In 1878 he built the Kingston street railway. He was also a member of the City Council for a time.

At the time of his death Mr. Morrison was president of Grip, Limited; president of the Calvert-Dwyer Company, vice-president of the W. A.

Rogers Company, and vice-president of the Carter-Crume Company. He was prominent also in several societies in the city, being president of the Burns Literary Society and of the Caledonian Society. Mr. Morrison was a member of the Church of England.

* * *

HOW AN OPERA HOUSE WAS RE-NAMED.

A THEATRICAL man who paid a recent visit to Toronto, told a story of his early days when he was piloting a repertoire show through the smaller towns of Ontario, with a change of bill every night and a new town nearly every night.

It was, and probably is, the custom with shows of this kind, to have all the printing done at some central point and carry it along. A few lurid posters and a number of fly sheets printed "Opera House, October 9," "Opera House, October 10," and so on in rotation, giving also the name of the show constituted the stock. This was because it is often difficult to get printing done cheap enough in a small town and because in almost every case the village theatre is known as the "Opera House."

The man who told the story was both advance agent and bill-poster, and found the scheme to work well. In one village he struck a snag, however. The owner of the

play-house, who also kept the hardware store, emphatically objected to the printing.

"What's the matter with it?" said the agent.

"This ain't an opera house at all," was the reply; "it's the Grand Theatre, and I insist on having it called by its proper name."

Finally the dispute was in a fair way of being settled by manager and agent walking down to the local job printing office to get a figure on fifty small bills. The local printer and publisher of the weekly paper had found that subscriptions were coming in slowly, and this looked like a bonanza. "It will cost you just nine dollars," he announced.

"What?" roared the theatrical man, and then turning to the local manager he declared: "Well, you'll have to pay for it."

Another wrangle ensued as to who should bear the cost of these very costly posters which threatened to absorb third of the prospective gross receipts. Finally, the local man yielded in this wise:

"Let's see, nine dollars for fifty posters. By gum, it's cheaper to change the name of the theatre. Opery house it is!"

* * *

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

RECENTLY one of Mr. Savage's companies playing the much-discussed Hungarian play, "The Devil," was announced to appear in the city of Ottawa, and realizing that it was an occasion of some interest, the managing director of one of the daily newspapers decided that in order to have the play properly covered he would write up the performance himself. Now, he is a man of old-fashioned views on the subject of the drama, and as in this play His Satanic Majesty succeeds in accomplishing the ruin of the other characters and there is no triumph of virtue, he was shocked. He went to the office and wrote a hot roast, declaring that such plays should not be permitted in the modern theatre, and more to the same effect.

Next day this was followed by a letter from the manager of the Russell Theatre cancelling all advertising and demanding return of the season passes. The unkindest cut of all was contained in the conclusion of the letter, when the manager, unaware, it is said, of the authorship of the attack, added:

"From the ignorance of literature and the drama displayed in the article I assume that it was written by the office boy."

The staff consider that a pretty good joke on "the Boss."

* * *

THE LATE JUDGE McCALLUM.

ARCHIE McCALLUM was stumping South Grey for the late Senator Landerkin, and the place of meeting was Brewster's school-house. As is well known, Archie was always chosen to stump the constituencies where the Highlanders were numerous, and at this meeting were the McQueens, McNairs, McEachrens, McDavids, McDonalds, McDougalls, McPhees, Curries, Campbells, Keiths and Buchanans.

Gaelic and English political oratory poured forth as it could only when McCallum was the medium. No reporters were present, and so many unprintable arguments were set forth. After the meeting the crowd tarried long, as is the custom after any rural gathering. It was a cold night, and it was a long drive to Durham. For a space Archie felt a little uneasy, but after a while, turning to the writer, demanded:

"Are these people going to stay here all night? If they are I may as well do it first as last."

So opening his



No. 1 shows the awful effect of stooping to grasp the skirt when it is required to raise it off the ground. Note the angle and the way that it will be seen that the lady is treading on her dress with her right heel.

No. 2 shows the correct pose one must take before grasping the skirt. One must do it imperturbably, so to speak.

No. 3 illustrates how tragic would be the consequences of not grasping the skirt at the absolutely correct spot. (One must admire the pluck of the lady who posed for the photographs.)

No. 4 and 5 illustrate the right and wrong way of holding the skirt when a jacket is worn over it. In No. 4 the lady is compelled to grasp the jacket and the skirt together, with a very ungraceful result. In No. 5 the jacket is thrown back and a very striking row of buttons adds to the effect of the properly held skirt.

No. 6 illustrates another phase of the art of wearing the Directoire gown.

When purchasing a Directoire costume one is placed in the same position as when purchasing a motor-car. Before the new treasure can be successfully exhibited to admiring and perhaps envious friends, it is necessary to acquire a certain amount of mechanical knowledge. It is not enough to purchase a Directoire costume, one has to learn how to wear it. Our photographs illustrate how near the sublime is to the ridiculous when wearing the *dernier cri* in frocks.

Another Interview With the German Emperor

By WYNNE GRANVILLE

I CAME to Canada with the idea of making an unbroken stay of at least six months in the Dominion. However, it is the improbable that generally happens, and our most cherished plans are those which fate always turns away. I had been scarcely six weeks in this country when an important change took place in my programme.

I was sitting one evening in the rotunda at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, having just dined with some friends who had gone to the theatre. I myself had returned that day from Winnipeg, and had been travelling the two preceding nights. Being a little tired, I had begged the theatre party to have me excused. My friends had left me scarcely half an hour, when a bell-boy put a cable into my hands. I tore it open in feverish haste, fearing ill news from the Old Country. It proved to be a communication from my editor, and, after consulting our private code, I found that it read thus: "Go immediately Germany, interview Emperor, ascertain views on Canada."

A good journalist can always pack in half an hour. He never asks questions. His not to reason why, his but to do and die. It was Thursday night. I could just catch the Empress of Britain on the morrow. Needless to say I did so, and within a week I was at the Hotel Bristol in Berlin still undecided as to what course to pursue to obtain the desired interview with His Majesty.

The plan of campaign to be adopted had worried me throughout my journey, and I was fretting and fuming that no brilliant scheme had come to my head. I have always had an enviable reputation for originality and tact in times of stress, and I was now seriously alarmed at my inability to come up to the scratch. Could it be that my overtaxed brain was showing signs of wear? Just as I was most melancholy at this foreboding thought, I received the necessary inspiration. The next morning an advertisement appeared in the agony column of The Gottamkratcher, which ran thus:

"Weary Willie—in difficulties, please advise—Maple Leaf."

Then followed an address where I had arranged for answers to be received.

I had not misjudged my man. His gigantic powers of intuition and his omniscient knowledge of men and methods—and, for the matter of that, nations—did not allow him to fail to grasp the situation.

The next evening as I was leaving the Weiner Theatre, having seen a most interesting play from the Emperor's own pen, entitled "If I Were the Almighty," I was accosted by a swarthy stranger wrapped in a thick coat, the collar of which overlapped his peaked cap, which he had drawn over his eyes. He walked beside me and whistled a few muffled notes of "The Maple Leaf." I was on the *qui vive* at once. I restrained even the slightest start or token of surprise as the stranger took me by the hand and pressed a miniature note into my palm. The next day, disguised as a German shoemaker, I was received into the palace and taken to the Imperial bed-chamber under the amusing fiction of measuring the Emperor for a pair of boots. This was a master stroke, for there had been a rumor about the palace for some time that the Emperor's boots were too small for him, or, as they quaintly express it in their language: "He is getting too big for his boots."

I knelt at his feet, tape in hand. His Majesty did not wait for me to ask questions, although I had taken the precaution to write one hundred and one queries on my measure. I was running it to and fro before my eyes, so that, should anyone be looking down the gas pipe or through any other spy-hole, they would think I was reading my measurements. The Emperor hurriedly broke out in a stage whisper:

"Tell the people of Canada that I am their friend. Tell the people of Toronto that I am glad to see that my plans

for a Military Institute have been so correctly carried out. It will engender a love for the army, and a love for the army means a love for Germany, for have I not given her the finest army in the world? Tell the people of Canada—"

"But, Your Serene Highness," I murmured—and then aloud, "Instep, five and a half—what about the election results?"

"My dear fellow, I arranged that. It is not generally known, but I drew up Laurier's plan of campaign, and the original document is now deposited in his safe at Ottawa. It was on my advice that he did not speak at Toronto, although he was most anxious to do so. The many, very many, faithful Germans in Canada obeyed my instructions to the letter. Was it not the Galician vote that carried many constituencies? They were paid by both sides, and I saw at once that it would be an inexpensive matter—five cents a head—for me to turn the scale. So I did it."

"This is not generally known in Canada?"

"No. I never let my right hand know what my left foot is doing. At the time of the Jamieson Raid everyone thought my telegram was a kick at England. Ostentatiously it was, but the whole world now knows that while my left foot was so engaged, my right hand was lifting the British Empire out of a very nasty hole, and but for my timely aid England might now be a fifth-rate country like Belgium."

"What are your ideas on Canadian tariffs?"

"I want Canada to make her tariffs as high as possible, so as to keep out German goods. I don't want German goods to go to Canada. The Liberals would have adopted Free Trade when they came into power four years ago, had I not persuaded Laurier to encourage Canada's own manufacturers by keeping out German goods. And yet, there are people in Canada who say nasty things and smile when my name is mentioned. I want Canada to be a great nation, free from the control of England or any other country."

"But Your Majesty! I thought you were a friend to England?"

"So I am. Does that prevent me from being a friend to Canada also? Was I not a friend to Kruger? Did I not congratulate him on successfully repelling the Jamieson Raid? Entre nous, I told him how to do it. Did I not afterwards demonstrate my friendship to England by showing her how to beat my friend Kruger? But, hush! I hear a noise. Now-a-days, I am never allowed to speak a word, and I am so fond of talking. If Buelow knew I was chatting with a journalist, he wouldn't let me paint another picture. He would knock off my tobacco, or administer some other horrible punishment."

The Emperor's fears were only too well grounded. The door burst open and Buelow stood on the threshold. The Emperor turned white, his mustachios turned down, his knees knocked together. I, on the other hand, rose with a dignified air and said to His Majesty:

"Your present boots can't be very comfortable. In fact, I wouldn't stand in your shoes for anything. I will send a boot in a day or two. If it doesn't fit one foot, I advise you most earnestly, being grieved to see your present painful position, put the boot on the other foot as quickly as possible."

With a majestic bow, I moved to the door. Buelow stamped on the floor. A dozen soldiers rushed in.

"Seize that miserable scribbler, take his notes from him, put him in the deepest dungeon."

"You will never take me alive," I cried, seizing my awl. "I will surrender first," I added, as three huge fellows approached.

One seized me by the collar and shook me roughly. I made as though to strike out. "Take that!" I cried, trying to strike him again and again. But my arm was powerless. It seemed hypnotized. I was unable to move it an inch. I looked at the soldiers. They had on evening dress and were laughing at me.

"It would have done you more good to have gone to the show with us," said one.

"What an exhibition you have made of yourself!" said another.

"The crowd seems amused at your snores," said the third.

"Shut up," I cried. "Rub my arm, someone. It's gone to sleep."

Banking in the Early Days.

THE oldest shareholder in the Bank of Montreal is Mr. James Croil, who, at the recent annual meeting, indulged in some reminiscences of value to those interested in the rapid growth of the Dominion. He emigrated to Montreal via New York in 1841, the voyage occupying forty days, and the land journey four days, the last stage of which was 17 miles by the only railway then in operation in Canada, that between St. Johns, Quebec, and the village of Lagrange, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal. It was opened in 1836. In 1905 Government reported 21,394 miles completed, with some 4,000 miles under construction, actually more than all the British mileage in that year (21,174). In the sixties Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle took twelve months to cross the continent from Toronto to the Pacific, and had to eat one of their horses, as lean as themselves, before they completed the journey. To-day you may traverse the 2,906 miles from Montreal to Vancouver in less than 90 hours.

Canada was then (says the London weekly, *Canada*, in telling these reminiscences) in many respects a terra incognita, consisting of half a dozen of provinces, knowing about as much of each other as they did of the South Sea Islands, with differing laws, tariffs, and currency. The postage on a letter from Ontario to Halifax was 2s. 3d. Now a letter of an ounce weight can be sent to the ends of the earth for two cents. Among the monetary institutions of the country at that time in good standing was the Bank of Rustico, in Prince Edward Island. Its capital was £1,000, Halifax currency. It had no reserve fund.

There was no money in circulation in those days. Everything was done by barter. The surplus products of the farm were exchanged by the storekeeper for his dry-goods and groceries.

"When I began farming in Ontario," said Mr. Croil, "we had neither mowing nor reaping nor threshing machines, and the women had no sewing machines. I threshed my first crop of grain in the same way that Oran, the Jebusite, did 3,000 years before, and learned the meaning of the Mosaic injunction: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.'"

The first general manager of the Bank of Montreal, appointed in 1862, was Mr. Davidson, an uncle of the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

"For several years," said the speaker, "we received dividends and bonus at the rate of 16 per cent.; from 1871 to 1874 we got 12 per cent. annually; since then the rate has been uniformly 10 per cent."

T. P. O'CONNOR, editor of London M.A.P., has this to say of President-elect Taft:

William Howard Taft had to start pretty poor—at one time he was a reporter on a newspaper with a salary of twenty-four shillings a week, and very glad to get even that from his brother, who was the editor. But, nevertheless, he had advantages which few American politicians enjoy. His father before him was a Cabinet Minister and also an Ambassador. Thus, from his earliest years, Taft has been familiar with the inner life and the dominating persons of the politics of his country. He began early, too, to have that knowledge of other countries which has been so useful to him. Among the many appointments held by his father was that of Ambassador to Austria, and young Taft spent some time in the Austrian capital, there also having the opportunity of seeing European as well as American politics from the inside, and learning some of the arts and methods of diplomacy. And in many other respects his training has been on those lines of straight, regular, foreordained preparation for such a task as he has now taken in hand. He had his father's law office to stroll into when he became a young law student; he had his father's library; he had his father's experience.

In his native town of Cincinnati—that great German-American city which commands the State of Ohio—there is an excellent college where he could take out his law lectures under good professors, and, in short, according to American ideals, young Taft had every advantage in starting the life of a lawyer and a political man. He did not, like poor Abraham Lincoln, have to climb his way up from a log cabin and hard manual labor—from the position of something like a navvy with us, and through a poor grocery shop in a country village—he did not have

to make a climb from such inauspicious beginnings before he was able to begin the work of self-education. The only disadvantage he had—if that were a disadvantage—was that he was poor. Politicians in America, unless they are dishonest—and the dishonest ones seldom get to the top—are all poor. The demands upon their time are more engrossing than anybody in these old countries has any conception of.

The Colquhoun Elm, a Cornwall Landmark.

CORNWALL, Ont., is justly proud of its old elms. It has many stately trees of great antiquity, but none so large or so prominent a landmark as the one which stands in front of the Colquhoun residence on East First street. There is only one in the vicinity which is its equal in size, the old elm on the Pescod place, West Front, but that one has succumbed to old age and the elements, and is badly split up and may soon go altogether. Residents of Cornwall (says The Freeholder, of that town), feel a personal ownership in this magnificent Colquhoun tree, and strangers invariably admire it and wonder at its enormous proportions. With a diameter of over six feet at the base of the trunk, its spreading arms cover a very large area, and when in full leaf in the summer season, or with the delicate tracery of its smaller branches outlined against the wintry sky, it is equally beautiful. The oldest inhabitant can see no change in its size, and expert treeologists estimate its age at over 400 years, perhaps it was a sapling when Columbus discovered America.

While this tree keeps its age well, signs of disintegration have begun to appear, and a few weeks since in a heavy gale a huge split was noticed which bid fair to destroy it altogether. As a precaution, heavy iron chains were wound around the principal branches, and securely fastened, but this was only a temporary measure, and a few days ago a tidy bit of tree surgery was performed by Louis McCormick, who is quite a handy man in his way. Bands of heavy iron were forged and clamped around the branches, and to these were attached long iron rods, each provided with a turnbuckle, by means of which great pressure was exerted, and the rifts closed up as far as possible. To all appearances the old tree is good for another century; at any rate, no one now living will likely see its finish. As the old song has it:

"And so flourish he, a hale green tree,

When a thousand years are gone."

S POTTERS having been placed on the street cars in Toronto to openly denounce any person who fails to pay his fare, one man so accused used strong language and was brought before Magistrate Kingsford, charged with disorderly conduct. The Magistrate dismissed the case, remarking that one of these days the company would have a big action for damages on its hands as an outcome of this innovation. To ride on a street car without paying fare is an act of dishonesty, although some people who profess to be honest ride free if they can, arguing that it is the duty of the conductor to collect fares. By similar forms of reasoning almost any kind of degree of dishonesty could be excused. It is to round up passengers who will pay if they must, but not unless pointedly confronted with the necessity of doing so, that spotters have been set to work. On seeing a passenger evading payment one of these men will call to the conductor: "This man has not paid his fare." In the crowded state of the cars it is quite probable that these spotters will make mistakes and offer intolerable insult to passengers.

T HE present mining boom will react seriously upon genuine mining and honest miners, says the Canadian Mining Journal. It says: "Briefly, the gambling that is being carried on in Toronto and Montreal under the name of 'mining' can claim no closer kinship to that industry than can Monte Carlo to the Heavenly City. The stock-in-trade for the most profitable confidence-game that modern ingenuity has devised consists in a few acres of land conveniently distant, a striking name, an alleged mining expert, an advertisement in the dailies, a few guinea-pig directors—and there you are!"

SATURDAY NIGHT's namesake and disciple, the Detroit Saturday Night, remarks with some truth that an advertiser is known by the company he keeps.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited

OOOO FIFTY-FIVE YEARS' GROWTH IN MERCHANTISING. OOOO

LINENS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Our buyer being in the linen market early and having shipped our goods direct from the best manufacturers, we are ready for the Christmas trade with beautiful patterns and exclusive designs. Hundreds of beautiful cloths with napkins to match in a pure linen satin damask finish, a large assortment of sizes in superior qualities.

Cloths 2 by 2 yards, and napkins 22 by 22 inches to match: Special priced for Christmas, the set \$7.25, \$8.25, \$10.50
Cloths 2 by 2½ yards and napkins 22 by 22 inches to match; the set \$8.25, \$9.75, \$11.50
Cloths 2 by 3 yards and napkins 22 by 22 inches to match; the set \$10.25 and \$11.50
Cloths 2½ by 2½ yards and napkins 26 by 26 inches to match; the set \$10.50 and \$12.50
Cloths 2½ by 3 yards and napkins 27 by 27 inches to match; the set \$11.75, \$14.00 and \$17.25

All handsome patterns in full large sizes.

The values in our linen section are always good, and whenever you are in need of linens come to us and feel sure that whatever you buy the prices and values will be right. Special values for Christmas are:

Fancy glove and handkerchief linen cases, neatly embroidered and lettered, 6 inches deep and 16 inches long 50c. and 75c.
Handkerchief cases, drawn-work and hemstitched, sizes 6 by 6, 7 by 7, and 8 by 8 inches 50c. and 75c.
Real hand embroidered Madeira work pin cushions, handkerchief cases and glove sachet, rich and handsomely finished and cannot be found elsewhere at our price of \$3.50 and \$4.00

Laundry bags 17 by 30 and 18 by 32 inches, in colors, or white with fancy lettering, embroidery work in shades of green, blue or white; special, each... 50c. to \$1.00

We appreciate that it is very often a difficult matter to choose an appropriate gift for Christmas, but in fancy linens you will always find a valuable and useful article and one that will certainly be welcomed.

Real Lace Doilies in Duchess, Point Venus and Flanders, 6, 10 and 12-inch doilies, from... \$1.20 to \$20.00
Centrepieces, 18, 24, 30 and 36-inch, from \$10.00 to \$75.00
Hemstitched and Drawn Work Linen Doilies—
6, 9 and 12-inch, from 15c. to 35c.
18-inch squares, from 75c. to \$1.75
30 by 30 and 36 by 36 inches, from... \$1.00 to \$3.00
45 by 45 and 54 by 54 inches, from \$4.00 to \$6.00
Tray Cloths, 18 by 27 and 20 by 20 inches, from \$1.50 to \$2.50
Scarfs, 18 by 36 up to 18 by 72 in., from \$1.50 to \$4.00
Hemstitched Damask Tray Cloths—
16 by 24 and 17 by 27 inches, from... 35c. to \$1.50
18 by 30 inches, from 45c. to \$2.00
Hemstitched Damask Scarfs—
16 by 45 to 18 by 45 inches, from ... 60c. to \$1.00
16 by 54 to 18 by 54 inches, from ... 60c. to \$3.75
18 by 72 inches, from \$1.00 to \$4.50

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IN THE LAST WEST



BEFORE AND AFTER CROW'S NEST PASS FIRE

M. R. H. R. MACMILLAN, of the Forestry branch of the Department of the Interior, writes as follows to SATURDAY NIGHT from Ottawa:

I have just returned from the eastern slope of the Rockies, where particularly in the region of the Crow's Nest Pass, I have been investigating forest conditions for the Forestry branch. The supply of merchantable timber on the east slope of the Rockies has been greatly reduced by fire. In the valley of the Crow's Nest River, of an original total forest area of 204 square miles, only 39 remain unburned. What does remain, being that at higher elevations in the smaller creeks, is of a quality somewhat inferior to the timber which occupied the main valleys. Of the burned timber some 30 square miles remain standing, sound and fit for use. This dead timber, of the quality shown in one of the accompanying photographs, is being used at the rate of over 2,000,000 linear feet annually by the Crow's Nest coal mines for props and mining timbers. When it is known that 2,000,000 feet is the annual growth upon 34,000 acres of that mountain land, it can readily be understood why the mine owners are now wondering where they are going to get their future supply of props. Salvation lies in the fact that the burned overland is rapidly coming up to young timber, which will, if protected from fire, constitute the next timber supply. To protect this young timber is now the problem confronting the Forestry Department.

T HE other day a trusted agent of the Hudson's Bay Company left Edmonton with the winter's mail for points in the Far North. This mail is destined for Fort McPherson, on Peel River, and intermediate points. An Edmonton man will drive north to Lac La Biche with the mail.

It will then be placed in the hands of an experienced northern traveller, who will take it north to Fort Resolution by dog train. From there another man will proceed with the balance of the mail to Fort McPherson. The whole 2,000 mile trip to Fort McPherson will occupy three months. When the mail was weighed at the Edmonton post office, it was found that there were thirty pounds of registered mail, thirty-seven pounds of ordinary letters, and 886 pounds of newspapers and magazines, making a total of 953 pounds. This was the largest mail ever prepared for the north at one time.

T HE annual report of Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa has just been issued. It gives the total Indian population of the Dominion as 110,205, a net increase of only 140 over the previous year. The report declares that the heavy mortality among the Indians is directly attributable to the prevalence of tuberculosis in the race. In some form or other the white plague is responsible for forty per cent. of the premature deaths.

The number of Indian schools in operation during the year, including day, boarding and industrial schools, was 315, an increase of twelve over the previous year. The total enrollment was over ten thousand pupils, about equally divided between boys and girls.

During the year the amount of Indian lands surrendered and sold amounted to slightly over 40,000 acres.

THE CALGARY DAILY HERALD some time ago started a campaign for a progressive railway policy in Alberta. A correspondent, Mr. Jess Dorman, was sent out on horseback, and he has travelled, by one means and another, over many miles through the promising region in the northern part of that province. His reports, when he gets into figures, may sound rather extravagant to some eastern

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 24c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 9c.; 3½ yards by 8 yards, \$1.50 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 3c. each. Strong Huckabuck Towels, \$1.82 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special rates for Club, Hotel, or Restaurant.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold Turned cuffs and bodies of fine extra. New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

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IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmings, Embroidery, 5c.; Night-dresses, 9c.; Combinations, \$1.08; India and Colonial Outfits, \$5.65; Bridal Trouseaux, \$32.04; Infants' Layettes, \$15.00. (Send for List.)

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Made in Quarter Sizes.
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Castile Brand, 20c. each, 3 for 50c.
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Lady Gay's Column

IT seems a cold and sordid idea that love can be cultivated, but it's a fact all the same. I was discussing this fact with a woman, who some years ago was over-persuaded to marry, not a man she disliked, but one to whom she was indifferent. "I made up my mind to love him if I could," she said, with a quaint laugh, "and by dint of careful cultivation, I succeeded in not only loving him, but respecting myself, which was more than I did before." She sought out all his best qualities, and dwelt upon them constantly. He was determined, patient and ambitious, and her imagination leaped ahead to meet his goal, and she became much interested in his slow but sure progress. He trusted and consulted her, when he saw her interest, and by many a little hint her wit and intuition helped him. Then, she studied his appearance, and made him assert good points and cloak weak ones; she knew just when to lead him to talk in company and when to leave him silent, and he became in the sunshine of her sympathy and comprehension what his friends called "twice the man he had been." They are to-day devotedly attached to one another, in a quiet convincing way, and it was a huge surprise to me to hear that they had ever been anything else.

Tension when one whom we love starts, under that order, for the milder and sunnier climes? Then one watches for news, and by and by come words of good cheer from the South; the invalid is gaining weight, the days are bland and the nights refreshing, and we are glad, and meet snow and slush and east winds with a certain warmth of the heart and happiness of the mind that "the South" is doing its genial work so well. At this time of year, one naturally misses those who have been "ordered South," in this continent or to the sweet places of the older land beyond seas. They are basking in sunshine and outdoor glories, flowers and soft breezes, and probably now and then sending long, long thoughts back to Canada, in her white winter garments and icicle diamond crown. Heart cries to heart across the varying zones, soul wafts to soul when great distances separate lips and hands. Here's a health to you, dear people, and a brave and happy homecoming, some day, from the South!

Sometimes the South is not kind. It has happened to me just now to realize this, with a heavy heart. A dear little girl, who for three decades has queenied it in a certain corner of my heart, went South a few weeks ago, the scent of orange blossoms yet in her pretty brown hair, the ring yet very shining and new on her "wedding finger," and the fire of hope and purpose and the joy of being loved and of loving in her staunch little heart. But the South was not kind to her; the dry heat and the damp heat and the sudden chill winds from the sea were each in turn blighting her life, and last week she died there, God rest her! They say it was a trying climate, in that part of the far South, and that she must have been frail, although we knew it not, too frail for the change, even to be loving and beloved, and happy beyond the common! And so the South was cruel, and my little girl, who loved so well those who loved her, is coming back in a little dark box in a lonely way indeed, to lie near her people, who are in the north. Sometimes the South is unkind, and one hates the name of it!

LADY GAY.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA 4:05 P.M. AND 6:10 P.M.
DAILY.

Via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley, the only double track route. The 4:05 p.m. carries buffet library parlor car and elegant coaches to Buffalo, and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6:10 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper Toronto to New York, and parlor library cafe car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Only tender, budding leaves grown at an elevation of 5,000 feet are used in "Salada." The rest of the preparation is done by ingenious, cleanly machines; hence the purity and strength of "Salada" Tea.

One can cultivate affection for one's companions, if necessary, in exactly the same way, picking out the traits which please one, the tones which harmonize with one, and thinking how fine and sweet and precious they are, dwelling upon the good and the inspiring qualities, which every one has in greater or less degree, and gradually by this secret process nourishing a real affection. I know one woman who always set my back up as soon as she came into sight. Once I saw her at her best, transformed by a great love, and care, and usefulness, into a superior being. I have clung to that one sight so persistently ever since that lesser things in her which rubbed me the wrong way have faded and ceased to influence me: the personality which was insupportable has become a grateful presence, a sweet subject of contemplation. I really like her, and I shall always like her, because I have only a beautiful mental association with her. To like people, it is only necessary to take them at their best—everyone has a best somewhere—and it is surprising how instinctively they respond to a kindly treatment in this line. They like you, they trust you, because they know you have been kind, and not critical or exacting. You need not make it obvious, nor say one word. These things are in the air, creating a happy atmosphere of peace and good-will. If you who glance over this page, have some *bete noir*, who throws a shadow on your brightest morning, get busy at once in the cultivation of an affection for their good points, as busy at least as you have instinctively been in resenting what seem to you their bad traits. I can think of nothing more beautiful with which to celebrate the approaching season, nothing more likely to be a gift of value all round, blessing going and coming back, than a wise cultivation of affection where now the weeds of dislike and distaste are eating up the virtue of your heart-garden, and bearing fruit of poison for the soul.

The young man who announces that he is looking for a girl with plenty of money is getting too numerous to mention, and is also growing a trifling incisive in the declaration of his financial aspirations. Time was when such a remark would have been met with the silent contempt which its spirit so well deserves. Are we growing dollarized to the extent of not seeing its keen vulgarity, or are we acquiescent with the fortune-hunter? The man who is looking for a rich wife is the one for whom any sort of wife is too good; he rarely owns enough ambition and brains to come in when it rains, and his sordid beat rouses a wild desire in any manly foot to arise and be doing. Rich girls are few and far between in this bright, fine new country, and such as we have suffer from their dowry in the alienation of any man too proud and too independent to allow even a suspicion of fortune-hunting to rest over his choice of a maiden fair.

Have you read a pathetic booklet called "Ordered South," and does it not strike home with fear and apprehension when one whom we love starts, under that order, for the milder and sunnier climes? Then one watches for news, and by and by come words of good cheer from the South; the invalid is gaining weight, the days are bland and the nights refreshing, and we are glad, and meet snow and slush and east winds with a certain warmth of the heart and happiness of the mind that "the South" is doing its genial work so well. At this time of year, one naturally misses those who have been "ordered South," in this continent or to the sweet places of the older land beyond seas. They are basking in sunshine and outdoor glories, flowers and soft breezes, and probably now and then sending long, long thoughts back to Canada, in her white winter garments and icicle diamond crown. Heart cries to heart across the varying zones, soul wafts to soul when great distances separate lips and hands. Here's a health to you, dear people, and a brave and happy homecoming, some day, from the South!

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TALK about selling Pearl Brooches, well—our Pearl Brooch Sale has certainly caught on—the sales have been immense, yet for you who have not benefitted, we illustrate these few examples.

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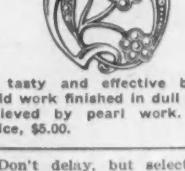
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P. V. MEYER

A Reverie That Came True

An Interesting Pen Picture of Ik Marvel's Home at Edgewood Farm.

THE opportunity to build real foundations of solid stone under youthful air-castles comes to few dreamers. A bag full of dreams has usually been a poor substitute for a hod full of bricks. It is therefore all the more interesting to read of one dreamer who made his dreams come true. A writer in the October Outlook tells of the present-day life of Donald Mitchell (Ik Marvel), the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and briefly sketches his home at Edgewood Farm. The parallel is immediately apparent. To quote, in part:

The farm is composed of some three hundred and sixty acres overlooking the city of New Haven. The house is nestled down in the midst of splendid trees and broad velvet lawns. There are shady arbors and hedges and winding paths. We have an almost perfect description of the Edgewood of to-day in the picture of the dream-cottage from the "Reveries."

The only important part that Mr. Mitchell left out is his garden. There is a garden, and a very good garden it is, with an old patriarch, almost as old as the author himself, who hobbles about with a cane and a hoe, and plays gardener. He has been at Edgewood for almost half a century.

Back a short distance from the house the typical New England farm buildings stand. There are barns and wagon houses, and there is a woodshed piled high against the coming of winter. The chore boy is almost too busy with his axe to notice your approach. He greets you with a smile of comradeship which seems to be an incorporated part of Edgewood. You comment on his well-filled shed.

"Wood," he laughs, "why, I have to keep this axe going most of the time. Mr. Mitchell couldn't live without a fire." You smile; Ik Marvel is still dreaming the old dreams "Over a Wood Fire."

They are not playing farm at

Edgewood. On your first approach the velvet lawns and green hedges make you a little fearful lest the approaching city has already cast its shadow; but the chore-boy takes you with pride to see one of his prize cows—she gives twenty-three quarts of milk a day—the farm-wagons give abundant evidence of every-day usage, and the garden, he the gardener never so old, is full of rich promise for the Thanksgiving dinner. Edgewood, with all its beauty and idealism, is a workaday farm.

If you are invited into the library at Edgewood, the room will greet you as an old acquaintance. The walls and tables are piled high with books; the windows frame half a dozen wonderful landscapes, and a "friendship fire" burns merrily in the old-fashioned fireplace. Nothing about the room seems new to you; Ik Marvel painted it so well when he fashioned it in his dreams. Open the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and see the room for yourself:

"Within the cottage the library is wainscoted with native oak; and my trusty gun hangs upon a branching pair of antlers. My rod and nets are disposed above the generous bookshelves; and a stout eagle, once a tenant of the native woods, sits perched over the central alcove. An old-fashioned mantel is above the brown-stone jambs of the country fireplace; and along it are distributed records of travel. Massive chairs stand here and there, in tempting attitude; strewed over an oaken table in the middle are the uncut papers and volumes of the day; and upon a lion's skin stretched before the hearth is lying another Tray."

The uncut volumes of the day are The Outlook and Scribner's and half a dozen other magazines and papers. Tray was missing from the picture. The chore boy had been off across the meadows to find him for the camera, but a woodchuck had proved more alluring to him. Tray was missing, but the Dreamer, the Bachelor, the creator of the "Reveries," was there, seated before his wood fire in a great leather chair, greeting you with a smile. You really are a little bewildered. Have you finally walked straight into the pages of the book? Eighty-five years, eighty-five years, you have been repeating over to yourself all the way up to Edgewood; what an old man he must be! Although it was hard to believe that



Benevolent Old Gentleman: "Now look here, little girl, you tell me your address, and I'll write and tell your mother what a spiteful nurse you've got!"

Little Girl: "Boo-oo! This is mother!"

Ik Marvel could really grow old, you had hardly expected to see such a boyish face as that which smiled up at you from the fire. All of the beautiful romance, all of the hope and enthusiasm of youth, look out at you from those eyes. You forget that the years have passed, you do not hold the significance of the long white hair, you lose entirely the fact that the Bachelor is now a grandfather; not the memories, but the spirit of youth is before you.

Then follow stories from the time of Poe and Hawthorne and Longfellow; tales of books and places and men. There is a large bookcase taking up one whole corner of the room, filled with the different editions of the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It has been published and translated in half a dozen languages. There are editions ranging in price from paper backs at five cents a copy up to the rare first copies which are now almost priceless.

But you must not linger long before the wood fire. The strength of the Dreamer is being guided carefully into the happy years ahead. You have been warned before entering.

But it seems almost impossible for you to step out of that library and back into the everyday world. You are sorry that the gardener and the chore-boy are within easy call. But your promise holds good, and so, bidding Ik Marvel good-bye, you pass

with hesitant steps back into the matter-of-fact world.

As you turn to close the door he waves his hand at you, and then looks slowly back to his fire.

"And as I muse now, looking toward the evening which is already begun, I will hope for a sunset, when the day ends, glorious with crimson and gold." The voice sounded like that of Donald Mitchell's, but perhaps you, too, have been dreaming.

Attractions of a Large City.

"IT must be a fire or a fight," conjectured the Superior Citizen, as he noted the crowd surrounding a square space on the busy street. "If it is a fire it is worth watching, because it evidently is in the basement, and when it spreads the spectacle will be enthralling, even if it does spell misfortune to some one. If it is a fight I must notify the police—that is, after I have enjoyed the mill."

And the Superior Citizen hurried over to the fringe of the crowd and pushed his way to the front rank.

There wasn't any fire that you could speak of by that name, and there wasn't the suspicion of a fight, but there were around the railing that ran along the sidewalk at least a hundred men, women and children, all watching with utmost eagerness the operations below.

For a descendant of the ancient Romans was cleaning a hat.

The Superior Citizen took in the scene with a quiet smile of amusement. He watched the Italian clean the hat and lay it aside to dry in the breeze of the electric fan, and he watched him take another, remove the ribbon from the crown, sink the hat in the wooden mold, fasten over it the piece of rag, and scrub, iron and dry as before. When this had been accomplished the Superior Citizen and the other ninety-nine moved on. But the Superior Citizen stopped a few paces and took counsel with the friendly policeman on the beat.

"Isn't it queer," said the Superior Citizen, "how men, who apparently have an object in life should give way to such idleness."

"Well, that takes my time," confided the policeman to the cabman hard by. "There's a fellow handing himself a laugh at the other chaps, and I'll bet a month's pay you couldn't have dragged him away from that area with a grapping hook."

He strolled over to the area, and in five minutes had been joined by nine-nine other men, watching the hat cleaner work.—New York Sun.

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One of the most important auction sales of a private collection of oil and water color paintings, by the following artists: J. McNeil Whistler, G. G. Kilburne, Dudley Hardy, R. I. John Hassell, R. I., S. Henry Fullwood, etc., will take place at Chas M. Henderson & Co.'s auction rooms, Thursday afternoon, December 17, at 2.30 p.m. On view Wednesday, December 16, from 2 to 6 o'clock.

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Huh," grunted Jimmie. "I'd be too polite to say anything."—Circle.

Her Hand
This piece of dainty verse was written by the late Mark S. Hubbell, who founded the Buffalo weekly paper, Truth, and edited it until his death a few weeks ago. The poem indicates that the dead journalist possessed a gentle soul and considerable keenness of literary perception.

M Y little dear, your gentle hand Nests softly in my own And bids my inner soul rejoice That it is mine alone.

I feel its warm and coursing pulse, Its soft and velvet palm, And o'er my spirit seems to steal A holy sense of calm.

I think of all this hand has done For fevered brow and lips, Of how the soul of music leaps From its dear finger tips.

Thro' life, sweetheart, this hand has toiled
A helmsman brave and true,
Oasis in a desert drear,
My captain and my crew.

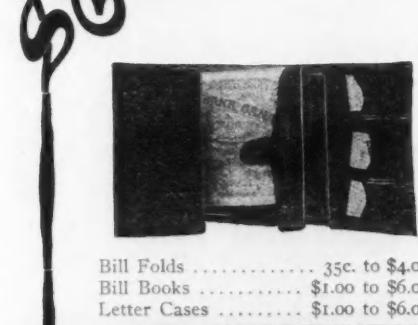
And oh I pray when beacons gleam For me from Death's far shrine, This little hand so fondly loved May rest, as now, in mine.

—Mark S. Hubbell.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Emporia Gazette.

Office Boy—Sal, the boss oughtn't to put a window in there. Carpenter—Why not? Office Boy—'Cause, now you can see he's in when he ain't in. Life.

Customer—What is the price of the duck? Little Girl—Please, mum, it's three shillings. But mother says, if you grumble, it's two-and-six!—Punch.



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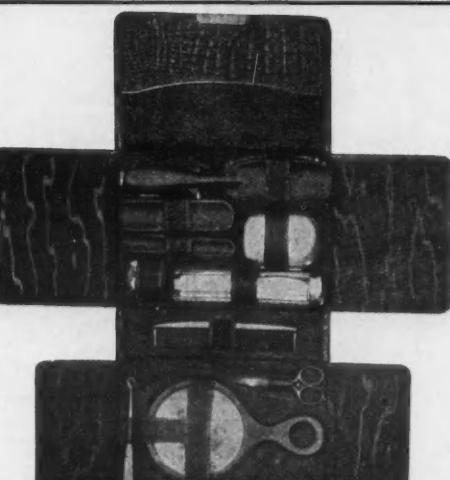
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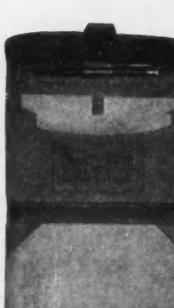
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MUSIC



been accused of being too cold and unreserved, but Mme. Gadski will never say so. Her triumph was complete, and Mr. Cox and his associates are justly deserved.

Mr. Frank La Forge is quite as deserving of laudation as anyone who contributed to the success of the concert. Poets and accompanists are born, and all the good fairies must have clustered about him when he made his debut. So perfect was the *rappart* that one cannot decide whether he inspired Mme. Gadski, or she inspired him, but all will agree that a recital by these two artists would be "colossal."

Dr. Fisher, Mr. Welsman, Mr. Cox and the ladies and gentlemen of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, we salute you!

THIS season's rehearsals of the Mendelsohn Choir have been progressing with more than the usual amount of enthusiasm on the part of the members of the chorus, who are leaving no stone unturned to advance the prestige of the organization beyond that of any previous year. As compared with the standard of performance of February, 1907, when the chorus sang in New York, Dr. Vogt feels that this season's body of singers is a distinct advance in every section of the Choir, and that its work in February next will make a new record in its achievement. When the Choir sang in New York last year the eminent critic, Mr. W. J. Henderson, referred to the great Welsh prize choirs of Wilkesbarre and Scranton, Pa., whom he stated possessed the enthusiasm of the Mendelsohn Choir, but were lacking in the artistic qualities which made the latter unique among choral bodies. Henry Finck, of the New York Post, also pronounced the Mendelsohn Choir as being "as perfect in its way as the Boston Symphony Orchestra." The testimony of the great Russian conductor, Wassily Safonoff, that the Toronto singers surpassed in artistic merit and the splendor of their climaxes any chorus he had ever heard either in Europe or America, and similar opinions from the most eminent musicians and critics of New York and other American cities have rendered the question of the maintenance of the high standard of previous years no small problem for the conductor of the Toronto chorus.

Saint-Saens' "La Danse Macabre" is gruesome and weird, and one did not need a programme to start his flesh creeping. Mr. Blachford effectively denoted the Fiddler Death, and Mr. Frank Clegg, at the xylophone, realistically suggested the rattling of the bones of the skeleton dancers.

Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances" went with a dash and swing, and formed a relieving contrast to the other dance. The "Rakoczy March" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was thrillingly played, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Of Mme. Gadski it is difficult to speak in moderation. She was in superb voice, and as generous and spontaneous as of old. Without one of the airs and graces that many singers affect, she won and held her audience by honest, sincere, artistic singing. After several recalls, she repeated the aria from "Tannhauser," to which the Orchestra played a perfect accompaniment. Her second number was a group of five songs—the first being Dr. Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air." This was the least pleasing thing she did, and one wonders why she attempts it; but the next, Luisa Reichardt's "When the Roses Bloom," had to be repeated. It was beautifully sung. And Mr. La Forge's "Expectancy" gained applause for the singer and the composer. It is a well written song, and Mme. Gadski sang it well. Schumann's "Spring Night" fairly throbbed with the joy of youth and love, and "The Erl-King" of Schubert gave this great artist fine scope for her interpretative gifts. I prefer the way Lilli Lehmann sings it, but Mme. Gadski does it wonderfully. When she returned the fifth or sixth time and brought the accompanist with her the applause was tremendous, but after she had given the "Valkyrie Call" as she alone can give it, the enthusiasm shook the building. Again she gave it, and again there was unrestrained enthusiasm. We have

at the Massey Hall, the music stores and in the hands of the members of the chorus.

MR. FLETCHER went to Buffalo on Tuesday to hear the Pittsburgh Orchestra and confer with Mr. Paur regarding the Schubert Choir concerts. Everywhere the Pittsburgh Orchestra has appeared this season, the critics have praised Mr. Paur for the improvement he has wrought in his band. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest living musicians, and supported as he is by the musical philanthropists of Pittsburgh, he is bound to raise his organization to the highest pitch of artistry. The new symphony "In der Natur" has created great enthusiasm. The Schubert Choir is hard at work, and has prepared a fine programme.

The Peoples' Choral Union, under Mr. Fletcher, gives its annual concert at Guild Hall next Thursday, the 17th inst., at 8 p.m. Local artists will assist.

An interesting debut was that of Mr. Goldsborough last Saturday night in Conservatory Hall. He has been here but a short time, but has aroused more interest in his playing than any artist who has come here to make his home since the coming of Mme. Julie Wyman. All violinists who heard him pronounced his technique marvellous, and so enthusiastic were his earlier hearers, that the hall was crowded to the doors at his recital. He chose Bruch's "G minor Concerto" for his opening number, which I think was an error in judgment, as the admission of late comers broke the continuity of interest necessary to make a concerto tell. Technically it had no difficulties, but, due probably to nervousness, he failed to make anything but a virtuoso piece of it, and one quite lost the significance of Bruch's strong personality. The two compositions of his own were charming bits—water color sketches, in fact—and he revelled in harmonies, a little of which, however, goes a long way with an auditor who doesn't play the violin and doesn't care how "hard" they are to do; they always remind me of a man singing falsetto. Ries's "Perpetual Motion" was taken at a tremendous tempo, and save for a break in the rhythm, was a remarkable *tour de force*. Bohm's "Legende," Mrs. Townsend's "Berceuse," and Hubay's "Zephyr" and the Bazzini "La Ronde des Lutins" showed him at his very best, although the beautiful G string air of Bach was played in a way that makes one defer judgment as to his temperamental gifts. Dvorak's "Humoresque," under another title, would have been charming—there was no trace of humor such as Kriesler reveals. In truth, "Pathetique" would be a better programme name for it when Mr. Goldsborough plays it. Nevertheless, he delighted the large audience, and was accorded a high place among local artists.

Mrs. Barton seconded him ably—his occasional rhythmical diversions seemingly giving her no discomfort. The piano left much to be desired, and if we must have foreign pianos, let them be as good as those made here.

TO-NIGHT Miss Caldwell and Miss Carter give their recital, and the Hall at the Conservatory should be crowded. Miss Caldwell's playing is well known and has always given pleasure; and Miss Carter has grown amazingly during the past year. Both of these young artists have personality, and both have worked seriously and intelligently to acquire the means of expressing themselves. In this hurrying world one hasn't time to listen to those who have little or nothing to say, and consequently the success of those who have the personal note sometimes seems out of proportion to their other gifts. The programme is worthy of its interpreters, and a compliment to Toronto concert-goers. Mrs. Barton will be at the piano for Miss Carter.

THE unseen and unknown workers in a cause so rarely come into anything but auto-reward of virtue, that it is a genuine pleasure to discover one of these hidden factors. This time it is Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, widely known as "Seranus," who has done valiant service for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra by keeping the

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press posted, and supplying copy that would pique and hold the interest of the public. This is a more difficult task than an outsider would imagine, but anyone who has tried it will appreciate the worth of Mrs. Harrison's work, which had the necessary "story" quality without loss of dignity.

After exhausting the native candidates for the part, the Leffler-Brattin company engaged Ruby Ray, an English comedienne, for the role of Mrs. Newlywed and Their Baby, which comes to the Princess, Dec. 14, 15 and 16. In London Miss Ray has appeared in "The Country Girl," "The School Girl," "Three Little Maids," and "The Belle of Mayfair." She came to America to take part in "The Dairymaids."

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers have issued a thoroughly good Christmas anthem by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., entitled "The Infant Redeemer," the words by Reginald Heber. Mr. Hardy's musicianship never blinds him to the limitations of singers, but it enables him to produce striking effects through his knowledge of vocal possibilities. So many composers write for voices in the way they would write for the piano, organ or other instruments, that only thoroughly trained singers can cope with their work, but Mr. Hardy's anthem can be used by any earnest choir, and at the same time it will hold the interest of the best.

Miss Morgan's recital came too late in the week for notice, but I shall do her full justice in the next issue. She is a thorough artiste, and deserves the same serious attention that visiting artists receive. Such recitals as hers do as much for the elevation of musical taste as anything we have.

Edward Barton, the well-known basso, will give a song recital on December 15, at St. George's Hall, and will be assisted by Elsie Dixon Craig, elocutionist. The Canada Male Quartette and Francis Gratton, the well-known violinist, will play interesting pieces by Ernst, D'Ambrosio and Drilla. Mr. Barton's programme numbers will include operatic excerpts, oratorio airs, and ballads, also the well-known Gounod composition, "Jesus de Nazareth," which will be sung to the original French words for which the music was written. The plan is open at Bell's piano warehous, Yonge street.

This afternoon at four Mr. Wheeldon gives his fourth recital on the Metropolitan organ. Last week his playing of the Largo from Dvorak's "New World Symphony" was thoroughly enjoyed. The first movement of Elgar's "Organ Sonata" was another interesting number. Mr. Wheeldon is showing remarkable tact in arranging programmes that please both musicians and music-lovers.

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Jan. 28 - - - Sir John G. Burton.
Feb. 18th - - - Miss Thomas.
"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Feb. 25th - - Rev. J. A. Macdonald.
Browning Readings.
Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th - - Mrs. Scott Raff.
"Irish Drama."

These lectures are on Thursday evenings at 8.15, with the exception of Dr. J. J. Dunn, who comes on Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th. Course tickets (ten admissions) \$3.00; Single admission 50c. Phone North 4544.

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WILLIAM GILLESPIE
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ANECDOTAL

A GIRL was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

The teacher was puzzled, and called the girl.

"Where did you get that notion?"

"Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for and the passage was found. It read: "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."

* * *

SHORTLY after Mr. Gladstone's death a local politician delivered an address upon the life of the statesman before a school. When he had finished, he said:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?"

A little hand went up, and a little girl replied: "A statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Hardly that," answered the politician, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up. "I know," and the answer came triumphantly, "a statesman is a man who makes good speeches."

A BRIGHT girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me because those boys always act so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke, to the words "Domestic affliction."

THE finest political speech I ever heard," said a Pittsburgh man, "was made by a German farmer up in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

"There was a meeting in a country schoolhouse and after the speeches a leading German was called on for a few remarks. He said:

"Fellow-citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ve must all git togodder und undo that vich ve haf not dit. All git togodder und roll up such a Democratic majority in Berks County that it vill roll and roll and roll until it rolls all ofer Berks County, all ofer d' State of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Queen Victoria vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: 'Good gracious! vot a Democratic majority Berks County dit roll up.'"

ALTHOUGH there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."

MANY people are given credit for humorous remarks that originated with Artemus Ward. The slow speed of a southern railroad is an instance.

A certain railroad in the south was in a wretched condition, and the trains were consequently run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus Ward, who was one of the passengers, remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cow catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, and what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

* * *

I WOULD not give much for that man's religion," said Sir Arthur Helps, "whose cat and dog are not better for it."—Our Dumb Animals.

THREE Germans were sitting at luncheon recently, and were overheard discussing the second marriage of a mutual friend, when one of them remarked:

"I tell you what. A man what marries de second dime don't deserve to have lost his first wife."

* * *

A SCHOOL teacher in the Italian quarter of an American city told her children the story of the fox and the grapes. Tony was especially delighted with the story, and eagerly sought his chum, Joe, who was in another class. By good luck, the teacher overheard Tony's version.

In his excited, broken English he told the fable much as it is written, until he came to the end. This was his rendering of the climax:

"De oida foxa he say, 'Da grape no good, anyhow; alla sour! I guess I go getta de banan!'"

* * *

A PITTSBURG insurance agent wrote up a life insurance policy for a Chinaman a few weeks ago, the first ever written for a man of the race in that city. How he did it he alone knows. The Chinaman has no clear idea of it. He understood that by paying the premiums promptly he would be entitled to \$5,000 sometime. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before he could get it. The Chinaman fell down a cellarway on Grant street and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend him without calling in a doctor. When they did call one in two days later the doctor was angry.

"Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half dead now."

The next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for \$2,500. "You're not entitled to anything on this," said the insurance agent, "until the man is dead."

"Doctol say him half dead," answered the brother. "Glet lat half?"

* * *

A SCHOOL teacher sends this composition as a product of a recent competition between the little girls of a primary grade in a public school. The composition is entitled, "A Romance."

"Once there was a poor young man who was in love with a rich girl, whose mother had a large candy store. The poor young man wanted to marry the candy lady's daughter, but he was too poor to buy furniture. One day a bad man offered him \$25 to become a drunkard. The poor young man was dreadfully tempted because he wanted to be rich enough to marry the candy lady's daughter. But when he got to the saloon door with the bad man, he said: 'I will not break my pledge, even to be rich. Get thee behind me, Satan.' So he went home, and on his way found a pocketbook with \$100,000,000 in it. So he went and told the candy lady's daughter and they were married. They had a lovely wedding, and the next day they had twins. Thus we see that virtue is its own reward."

* * *

ALTHOUGH there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

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* * *

I WOULD not give much for that man's religion," said Sir Arthur Helps, "whose cat and dog are not better for it."—Our Dumb Animals.



"Time flies ever onward" but it never gains a fractional part of a second on an

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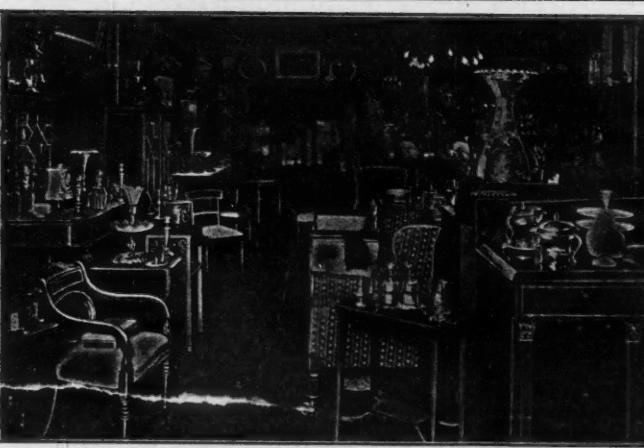
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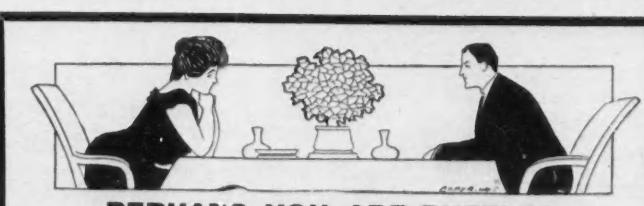
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TORONTO

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Elizabeth McCallum Dunlop, third daughter of Mr. Robert Dunlop, of Hamilton, and Captain William Remwick Marshall, also of Hamilton, took place last Saturday, December 5, at 575 Huron street, the residence of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, nee Dunlop, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock, Rev. J. E. Fennell being the officiating clergyman. Miss Dunlop was brought in and given away by her father, and Miss Agnes Dunlop, sister of the bride, and Miss Sylvia Marshall, the small sister of the groom, were the maid of honor and bridesmaid. The bride wore a Directoire gown of pale rose tinted fawn broadcloth, with yoke of *point de Venise* and sleeves and panels of flowered Dresden silk, and a picture hat of pale blue, lined with silver tissue. Her mink muff held a bouquet of white roses and Scotch heather, and her only jewel was a handsome diamond and sapphire pendant. The maid of honor was in white satin and toque of blue flowers, and carried a round posy of pink roses and white heather, as did also the little bridesmaid, who was in white mouse-skin and lace, and hat to match. The groom's gift to each of them was a gold bangle. Mr. Stanley D. Robinson, of Hamilton, was best man, and Mr. F. R. Mackelcan was bride's usher. Mr. C. Percival Garrett, of Hamilton, played the wedding music, and Miss Gladys Marshall, of Hamilton, sang. The house was decorated very beautifully for the happy event, and Mrs. Mackelcan received a number of the relatives of both bride and groom, who were the only guests at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall went to New York for their honeymoon, and will make their home in Hamilton. The bride's going-away gown was of marine blue serge, with toque of Beauty roses and a handsome set of mink.

The dejeuner was served in the large basement library, the table being centered by the wedding cake, and charmingly decorated with flowers. A room full of very elegant wedding gifts upstairs was the admiration of everyone, and the many present from Toronto, friends of only a year or two, and the noble gifts from old friends both here and in the bride's native city, Hamilton, were a proof of the love and admiration felt for her and her family. A perfect shower of checks were sent to her by relatives and old friends, and jewels, silver, china, cut rock crystal, brass, pictures, furniture, and most sumptuous house linens, embroidered in Japan, India and nearer home, were among the tokens of love and esteem she received.

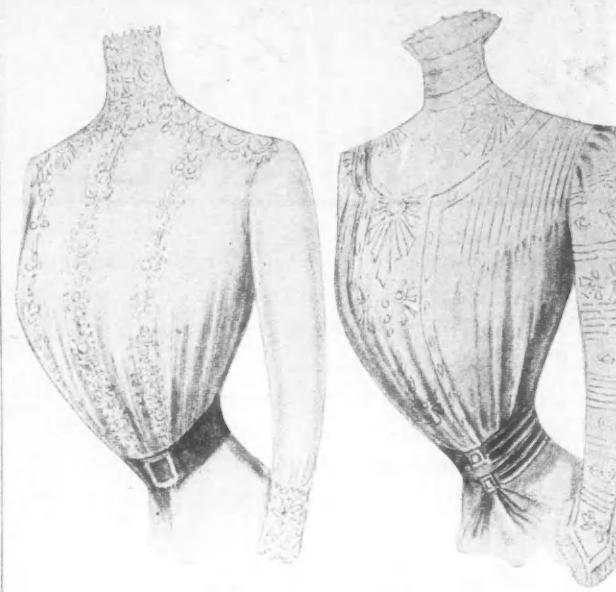
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Colonel and Mrs. Swayne have been in Ottawa and Toronto this week. When Colonel Swayne visited Toronto three summers ago, he made friends who were interested in hearing of his marriage recently and glad to welcome him back to Canada. From Somaliland, where he had been Governor, he went to British Honduras in the same capacity, and is now on Governmental business in Canada. Since his last visit some of his relatives have been residing for the winter in town, and they, too, were delighted to see him.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra was greeted by a large audience on Tuesday evening, who went wild over Gadski and brought her back any number of times to sing many extra good things. Madame Gadski wore a deep blue panne satin gown, with walls of Troy pattern, in gold embroidery and an overdress of sparkling beaded net that fell from the bertha over her perfect figure as a sort of Empire second skirt. An exquisite diamond crown and necklace, and lovely jewelled clasps on the bodice, one a huge butterfly, the body of one immense long pearl, and a gold and jewelled order enhanced the splendor of her appearance. A wreath of tiny pink roses rested below the edge of the crown on her fair hair, and altogether she was a magnificent prima donna, indeed. Her programme varied from serious German opera to light selections, and the diaway fashion in which she uttered "the maid with the delicate air" was novel and irresistible. It will be long before one forgets the beautiful tone and feeling with which she gave Luise Reichardt's "When the Roses Bloom," which she repeated in response to an encore that would take no denial. Mr. Welsman and the capital orchestra which he has trained so well, were thoroughly appreciated by their audience which almost filled every seat in the huge auditorium. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, the Misses Gibson and Miss Phyllis Hendrie, of Holmstead, with Major Fraser Macdonald in attendance, occupied the Government House seats, and others at the concert were Lady Moss, Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Capon, Mrs. and Miss Gzowski, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rollion, Mr. Lissane Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Baron St. Elms Deschampe, Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mr. Emanuel Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, the Principal of Westminster College and Mrs. Gregory, with a large turnout of students, Mrs. George Dickson and a fine representation from St. Margaret's, Miss Curlette and a bright party of girls from Westbourne School, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and Miss Caldwell, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Miss Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. James George, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. Sears, Mrs. and Miss Pigott, Professor Ramsay Wright, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Miss Mary Clark, Mrs. Burton Holland, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, the Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, Miss Gretchen Dunstan, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Dr. Geikie, Dr. and Mrs. Geikie, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mr. Cameron Wilson, Mr. Long-Innes, and any number of others.

Mrs. Percy Beatty was a bridge hostess on Tuesday, and her guests were most congenially arranged and enjoyed a capital game. The prizes were won by Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Toni Pepler, Mrs. Hanley Baines, Mrs. Richey, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Rutherford and Miss Daisy Boulton, and among the players were Lady Whitney, Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Jennie Fielding, Mrs. James Grace and others to the number of eight tables. The prizes were unusually pretty and well-chosen. Mrs. Reginald Northcote and Miss Janie Wallbridge poured tea and coffee for the players and a few others asked to tea after the game and Miss Bessie Caldwell assisted. Mrs. Beatty looked very well in pale blue and white, and her charming home, with its new decoration and the enlarged quarters both up and down stairs, was the picture of bright and cosy comfort.

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WHY IS MILADY FAIR SO FAIR?

The dictionary says that the word "fair" means "clear, free from blemish, pleasing to the eye." So Milady Fair may be a blonde or a brunette, but if her skin be clear, free from blemish and pleasing to the eye, she is fair indeed—aye, passing fair—she is beautiful. The secret of beauty is beautiful complexion, and the secret of a beautiful complexion is

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It has been women's beautifier for twenty-five years, and has received the grateful praise of thousands.

Cures chapped hands, facial blemishes, sun-lips and all redness and roughness of the skin.

25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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176 King St. East, Toronto



These are the days when shrewd people are making selection of the piano they wish delivered to their home on the day before Christmas, and these are the days that the BELL Piano is being secured in such numbers that we fear we shall be unable to meet the pressing demand for this instrument, despite the fact that our large establishments are working overtime.

Already the list of our holiday BELL Piano purchasers contains the names of many of Toronto's most representative citizens, who can afford to have and are satisfied only with the best.



We do not think we exaggerate at all when we say that the BELL Piano is in at least one or two important features the superior of any other piano manufactured. This is not our own opinion only, but that of numerous purchasers who are thoroughly competent judges. The tone baffles description, for it has wonderful sweetness and clarity, combined with great power and timbre, while the features of the illimitable quick repeating action, which is exclusively used in the BELL Piano, appeal to every musician.

Dr. A. S. Vogt, the talented Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, and a gentleman of the widest musical popularity, after a critical examination of BELL Pianos, writes us as follows:

"I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the excellence of the pianos manufactured by your firm. A critical examination of the many details which enter into the manufacture of a first-class instrument has convinced me of the superior character of the Bell Piano. The touch, tone and general finish of the pianos of your firm combine to make the Bell Piano an instrument of which the manufacturers may well feel proud."

Very truly yours,

BELL Pianos are made, guaranteed and built to last a lifetime by the largest makers of pianos in Canada.

Look over our stock of used upright and square pianos, organs and piano players—easy payments.

Bell Piano Warerooms
146 YONGE STREET

Society at the Capital

A GREAT deal of interest is centred at present in the many young brides who are just now returning to the Capital from their respective honeymoons, and who will be receiving very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gill, whose wedding took place recently in Winthrop, Mass., have arrived in town and are staying for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill in O'Connor street. Mrs. Allan Gill, who, as Miss Muriel Jordan, was a particular favorite in Ottawa during former visits here, will have the pleasure of meeting many of her old friends today and to-morrow, when she is receiving with Mrs. R. Gill.

Another bridal pair, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe de Blois Caron, arrived in town on Monday and are spending a couple of weeks with Lady and Miss Alice Caron, who are moving shortly to Quebec, where they have taken apartments at the Chateau Frontenac for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Maclare, whose marriage took place about a month ago, are enjoying an extended honeymoon in Washington and are expected to return to the Capital next week.

Two more attractive young brides who have been for the past week or two getting their pretty new homes in order are Mrs. Harry Housser, who was formerly Miss Lucille Graham, of Toronto, and is now settled in a charming residence in Second avenue, and Mrs. Herbert I. Thomas, (who as Miss Ethel Wood came several times from Hartford, Conn., to visit Mrs. Fred Booth) and who received on Tuesday last in her very artistic apartments at The Aylmer.

Mrs. Housser will receive for the first time on Tuesday.

Yet another bride who will be in town before Christmas is Mrs. Walter Boyd, who, as Miss Marion Calvin, was married in Kingston the week before last to Mr. Walter Boyd, son of Sir John and Lady Boyd of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd have leased a furnished house in Ottawa for the winter, and are expected to arrive from their honeymoon to take possession of it about the middle of the month.

A MATRIMONIAL event in which Ottawans are much interested will take place in New York to-morrow, Tuesday, when Miss Elizabeth Van Dusen and Mr. Fred Hogg will be the principals. A party from the Capital left on Sunday to be present at this ceremony, among them being Mr. and Mrs. W. Drummond Hogg, the groom's parents, Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Woods, Mr. Alex. Hill, Mr. Alexis Isbester, and Mr. Ainslie Green, the latter of whom will be the groom's best man, while Mr. Hill and Mr. Isbester will be two of the ushers.

THE daily round of teas still goes merrily on, although they were not quite so numerous last week as is the general rule. The first on the list was a girls' tea given on Monday by Miss Elsie Burn in honor of a visitor in town, Miss Marjorie Wilson, of Picton, Ont., when the guests included all the debutantes of the season.

ON Tuesday, Mrs. Somerset Graves invited a large number of girls to meet her pretty English niece, Miss Julia Withers, at the tea-hour. Mrs. Graves wore a handsome black gown with touches of gold embroidery, and the guest of honor was very much admired in a gown of mauve chiffon built over pale blue silk and embroidered in opalescent crystals. Mrs. Percy Aylwin, Mrs. Charles Brennan, and Mrs. Philip Prudeaux performed the more arduous duties of the day in attending to the material wants of the group of bright and pretty girls who were present. Glorious yellow 'mums on both the tea-table and in the drawing-room added to the beauties of the already very artistically arranged rooms.

MRS. CLIFFORD SIFTON, like a great many hostesses in Ottawa, has so large a visiting list that it is impossible to entertain all her friends at one time, even in such spacious rooms as are at her command. Therefore, to include them all it was necessary to give two teas, which she did on Thursday and Friday of last week, on the former day inviting principally married ladies, and devoting Friday to the younger set, all of whom came in their smartest winter attire.

The floral decorations on both occasions were carried out in the drawing-room with pink roses and

carnations, while on the tea-table in the luxuriously appointed room across the hall beautiful crimson roses harmonized well with the surroundings.

On Thursday, Mrs. Sifton wore a very handsome Parisian costume of green soubre trimmed with duchesse lace, and diamond and emerald ornaments, and on Friday was most becomingly attired in pale grey crepe. Mrs. Leonard Vaux, looked exceedingly well in white net over blue silk, Mrs. Harry Housser in a dainty gown of pale pink, Mrs. Harold Pinhey, Mrs. Duff, and Mrs. E. R. Cameron on Thursday presided at the two separate tables, one arranged in each room; and on Friday Mrs. W. W. Cory, Mrs. J. Franklyn Kidd, Mrs. Harold McGiverin, Mrs. Andrew Thompson and Mrs. W. J. White did similar duty, and on each afternoon a bevy of pretty girls assisted them.

MR. CROMBIE'S tea on Wednesday was a large one, including principally the hostess's married friends. Mrs. David Gilmour and Miss Mary Scott were pressed into service in pouring tea and coffee at a table charmingly arranged with quantities of the most fragrant red and white carnations, which were also placed in various bowls and vases about the rooms. Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Lucy Kingsford, and Miss Lola Powell made a trio of very attentive assistants, and saw that everyone was supplied with the many dainty confections.

MISS ATHOL NORDHEIMER, of Toronto, is staying with Mrs. Otter for a short time, and on Friday was the special guest at a most delightful luncheon given by Mrs. H. K. Egan, whose other guests were Mrs. Allan Gill, Miss Ottile Fellowes, Miss Louie Gemmill, Miss Flora Kitson, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Susie Cassells, Miss Ethel Palmer, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Mary Hamilton and her English guest, Miss Marjorie Orr.

MISS WINIFRED HERON, of Toronto, was the guest of honor of a couple of very smart little gatherings on Thursday, one a luncheon, of which Miss Lottie Fraser was the young hostess, when covers were laid for twelve, and another a dinner at the Golf Club, which had as host a popular young bachelor, Mr. Gordon Richardson.

CAPT. SANKEY, R.E., and Mrs. Sankey, whose marriage took place very recently in Victoria, B.C., will this week arrive in town to spend a few days en route to England, with Mr. and Mrs. James Crowley at Rockcliffe. Mrs. Sankey, as Miss Gertrude Keefer, made many warm friends in Ottawa last winter, when she spent several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, in Daly avenue. Miss Marion Lindsay went to Victoria about two weeks ago to be present at the wedding and will not return to town until Christmas.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Dec. 7, 1908.

Christmas
SAY, it's gettin' 'round to Christmas,
The crops is in an' all,
We're nearly into winter
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,
I tell you it is great
When the puddin's in the kettle
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard awaitin',
An' spechly that last night
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin'
Christmas Day would just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas
For fun an' food an' joy,
An' there's none appreheates it—
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.
—James P. Hawerson, in the Christmas Canadian Magazine.

Miss Knox introduced the latest additions to the staff of teachers at Havergal Hall, Miss Josephine Scruby, singing mistress, and Miss Kathleen Temple, art mistress, to very delightful "At Homes." Miss Scruby has a beautiful soprano voice which has had the best of training, and her songs prove that the aesthetic side of her art has not been neglected. Miss Temple's pictures were on exhibition, and Miss Knox and the patrons of this excellent school can be congratulated on securing such talented instructresses.

Tom—Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.



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PURE, DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL.
Sold Everywhere.

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Gloves
FOR XMAS

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Perrin Gloves possess that good style, high quality and fine appearance so much appreciated by people who are particular about their handwear.

Made in all sizes, weights and shades for men, women and children.

**SOLD
EVERYWHERE**



PIANOS for CHRISTMAS

WHAT could you suggest for the home on Xmas morning that would give so much pleasure to the whole family as a PIANO or PLAYER PIANO? It would not only be a present to feel proud of, but it would give the children an opportunity for a musical education, an accomplishment that is necessary in the lives of all young people to-day.

"The New Scale Williams"

is at your command, and if you are looking for quality, it is the instrument to buy. Our 1908 product is as near perfection as it is possible to make it, and we again offer

\$1,000 IN GOLD

TO ANY CHARITABLE INSTITUTION IN THE CITY IF ANY CANADIAN MANUFACTURER PRODUCES A BETTER PIANO

Player Pianos

Our player department and library of player music is complete, and contains such well-known makes as "New Scale Williams," "Simplex," "Webster," and others, and they range in prices from \$450 to \$1,000.

Come in and rest, and listen to these wonderful Players.

Every instrument we sell is guaranteed to be satisfactory, or your money refunded.

EASY TERMS PREVAIL

Our stock is the largest and finest in the city, and contains such well-known makes as "Weber" (New York), "New Scale Williams," "Ennis & Co.," "Kohler & Campbell" and "Krydner," and our prices are the lowest.

PIANOS SELECTED NOW WILL BE HELD FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

Store open every evening until Christmas, commencing Saturday, Dec. 12th.

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143 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

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The horn and all moving parts are entirely concealed in a handsome mahogany cabinet, and the music is made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors.

The cabinet contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories. All metal parts heavily gold plated.

The most complete of all musical instruments.

Hear the **Victor Victrola** at any Victor-Gramophone Dealers.

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Oak	240
Circassian Walnut ..	300
Mahogany and Gold ..	360
Other Victor Gramophones	
\$10.00 to \$125.00	

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Headquarters for the Victor and Berliner machines and records. Victor Victrolas, finished in Mahogany, Circassian Walnut, and Oak, always in stock.

Ask to hear Gadski, and other famous artists, in Grand Opera.

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286 Yonge St. (Opposite Wilton Ave)

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Holly, Mistletoe, Bouquet Green, Etc., Etc.



CHRISTMAS BELLS—A unique and decidedly pleasing decoration. They are red outside with red tongue or clapper. Artistically made of paper, making a very attractive display.

Splendid for decorations. In three sizes—10c., 15c. and 25c.

HOLLY WREATHS—These are well made from the very best holly; size, 18 inches in diameter. Each 75c.; 3 for \$2.00.

HOLLY—With nice green leaves and plenty of red berries, per lb. 25c.; 5 lbs. for \$1.00; case lots, \$7.00.

MISTLETOE—Best English, in boxes, 30c. and 50c.

BOUQUET GREEN WREATHING—20 yards for \$1.00; 50 yards for \$2.25; by express at purchaser's expense.

PAMPAS PLUMES—In assorted colors, 4 for 50c.

TISSUE-PAPER WREATHING—In all colors, \$3.00 per 100 yards.

COLORED BANNERS—10 feet long, in words Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, 75c. each.

PALMS—Nothing nicer for a Christmas present than a nice palm. We have them from \$1.25 up to \$5.00 each—bargains.

CHRISTMAS TREES

Nice, bushy ones, at all prices, to suit everyone.

Rubber Plants, Sword Ferns, Azaleas, etc., etc.

THE STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited

Phone M. 1982.

130-132 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

CHRISTMAS MORNING!

How many of the gifts of last Christmas morning are in evidence now—or of the year before? How many of the gifts of *this* Christmas morning will be in evidence when another year is gone?

Of all good gifts at this good time—the gift of lasting value is a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
SELF PLAYING PIANO

Picture the delight of Christmas morning over this great gift—a delight which will grow greater day by day.

Can any gift be more sensible than this—the greatest of all piano players? Can any gift possibly give greater returns out of the amount invested *for years to come?*

Never will you realize what this instrument really is until you have sat before it, your favorite melody pouring from the strings.

Do this now—in our salesrooms—till you feel the charm and power of it all. Then repeat it—on Christmas Morning in your own home.

The only player commanding all the eighty-eight notes of the keyboard.

The expense is much less than you probably expect. Let us discuss it with you. Let us send you our fine book on the subject AT ONCE.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN CO., LIMITED
Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East. 97 YONGE ST. TORONTO.



Michie's Fun-creating Crackers

Are here again in greater variety than ever to contribute to the mirth and merriment of the Christmas festivities.

Prices begin at 20c. for a box of a dozen pretty crackers, suitable for little Children; and at higher prices are some that are exquisite and form beautiful decorations for the dinner table.

and Santa Claus' Ready-filled Stockings

filled with toys for girls and boys, will always have their place in Christmas giving because there will always be little children to whom no present costing so little money will give so much pleasure.

Prices, 10c., 20c., 40c., 60c., 75c. and \$1.00 each.

The Plum Pudding and Mincemeat

will be successful in proportion to what goes into them, and Michie's specially import for this purpose some of the finest fruits and peels procurable, and those who go to the trouble of making their own Christmas Pudding will appreciate the wisdom of having everything of the best.

From Soup to Dessert, almost every food requirement for the Christmas table is provided at Michie's.

MICHIE & CO., Limited

Groceries, Provisions, Confectionery, Etc.

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La Antigua Guedad

From Havana, Cuba, we import the world's best cigars. Our stock at present includes sizes and shapes of the following well-known brands:

"C. E. Beck," "Partagas," "Castenada," "High Life," "Villar y Villar," "Fernandez Garcia," "Punch," "Romeo and Julieta," "Carbajal Cabanas," "Flor. J. Otero," "Henry Clay," "Bock," "El Ecuador," "La Carolina," "Larranaga," "H. Upmann," "Flor de Cuba," "Corona," "Rosa de Santiago," Etc.

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IN ALL STYLES --- SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

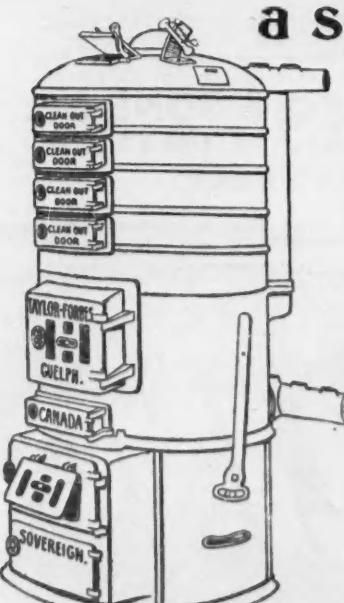
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"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

Made in several styles
for high or low
cellars.

It started in late and there will be a spell of very hard weather ahead. But take note of the doings of your furnace, nevertheless, and profit by the experience to be prepared for the more rigorous winters that are to come. Prepare, now, to invest in a "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler. It will pay big interest on its price in the coal it saves, as well as adding 10 to 15 per cent. to the selling value of the house should you desire to sell at any time. The "Sovereign" is practically indestructible because any parts which are accidentally broken, or become worn out in time, may readily be replaced.

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Every stone in our display is of the highest quality obtainable.

Each one has been personally selected and carries with it our fullest guarantee.

We cheerfully refund the purchase price on any stone not found as represented.

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Messrs. AMBROSE KENT & SONS and several other prominent Houses have consigned to us for

ABSOLUTE SALE

a very large quantity of artistic Christmas Goods consisting of Electric Table Lamps, Italian Marble Figures, Bronzes, Russian Brassware, English Plated Ware, Cut Glass Ware, etc. Also at the same time we will sell 100 choice Paintings and Water Colors.

Sale commences MONDAY, DECEMBER 14th at 2 p.m., and continues until all is absolutely closed out.

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Buy your Gifts from us. You will get the BEST VALUE. Goods now on view.

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EXTRA DRY

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A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world, where men of taste gather, where the name

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is not a synonym for the best Champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by His Majesty KING EDWARD VII. His Majesty THE GERMAN EMPEROR. His Majesty THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. His Majesty THE KING OF ITALY. His Majesty THE KING OF SWEDEN. His Majesty THE KING OF DENMARK. His Majesty THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. His Majesty THE KING OF SPAIN.

When J. M. Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan," addressed an audience of a thousand girls at Smith College during his American visit of last year, a friend asked him how he had found the experience.

"Well," replied Mr. Barrie, "to tell you the truth, I'd much rather talk a thousand times to one girl than to talk one time to a thousand girls."

Big Game in British Columbia

THE northern interior of British Columbia is one of the world's greatest big-game haunts, and many distinguished men go hunting there. Among these has lately been Mr. J. G. Millais, son of the late Sir J. E. Millais, the famous English artist. Mr. Millais has returned home after his interesting trip, and was interviewed the other day in London by a representative of The Canadian Gazette. The interviewer says:

Mr. Millais has crowded many adventures into his life. After six years' service with the 1st Battalion of the 72nd (Seaforth) Highlanders, he retired from the army in 1892. He has travelled and hunted in many countries, and is the author of, among other works, "A Breath from the Veldt" and "Newfoundland and Its Untrodden Ways." The latter is one of the most interesting books of its kind ever written, and has had a remarkable sale. Mr. Millais is a recognized authority on the mammals of Great Britain and Ireland, and his collection of 3,000 birds, most of which were shot by himself in the British Isles, is one of the features of his home at Compton's Brow, Horsham. "Yes," remarked Mr. Millais, "I enjoyed my trip to the Cassiar country, although the weather was very broken. I managed to bag some good heads—two moose, two caribou (one of which was a fifty-three pointer, a pretty good specimen), a grizzly, and a big black bear. The Cassiar district is, I think, the best in Canada for big game, although it is the hardest to reach. I was away two months."

"How did you reach the hunting grounds?"

"From Vancouver I took the boat to Fort Wrangle, and then up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, where I outfitted. Up country there was a delay of eight days through waiting for a Hudson Bay boat, but I put in the time fishing and sketching. I regretted the delay, however, as I wanted to be on the grounds at the commencement of the season, on Sept. 1."

"I believe you took Indian guides with you, Mr. Millais. Do you prefer them to white men?"

"I certainly do. The white man is the equal of the Indian for grizzly—in fact, the British Columbia coast Indian is rather scared of grizzly—but for moose hunting the natives cannot be beaten. They know every move, and it is marvellous how well they can keep the hunter posted. From the most insignificant sign they can give the animal's movements and plans in a manner that no white man could ever hope to emulate. And it is only natural. They are born and reared in the bush, and start to learn the ways of the game from their earliest infancy. I find if you treat the Indian well he will more than reciprocate. Personally, I treat him as an equal on my hunting trips in Canada. I eat and sleep beside him and take my full share of the work, and as a consequence get nothing but the best out of him. I will give you an instance. We were approaching the Sugar Loaf Mountain, where I anticipated bagging my two caribou. We had finished supper, when one of the Indians remarked, 'We must get caribou, boss.' I was suffering from a bad cold in the chest, and did not want to hang around long, and, although the work was over for the day, the Indians voluntarily started off to chop down a trail. They worked like Trojans as long as they could possibly see, and were out again at the first sign of dawn. I found when I started off shortly afterwards they had felled no less than about two hundred and fifty trees, extending over two miles. So you can see if you act squarely with the Indians they will act squarely with you."

"What outfit do you take?"

"Just as little as I can. Experienced hunters dispense with everything but absolute necessities, and that is the plan to follow. The only touch of luxury I indulge in personally is a reindeer sleeping-bag. These bags are quite cheap, and one can certainly extract a good deal of comfort out of them. But the motto for the hunter is 'Travel light.'

"What gun do I use? A .256 Mannlicher. I have shot over two hundred head of game with this weapon and find it very effective."

"The average man's conception of a grizzly is that he is very ferocious and a decidedly dangerous customer to tackle. What is your opinion?"

"The grizzly bear is really of a shy and retiring nature, and will generally go away at the approach of man. However, he is not to be relied on. One never knows just when a grizzly will attack. I heard of three men who had been killed by grizzly up in the district I was hunting in this year, and the Indians are very chary of approaching them. The black bear is, as you know, a harmless kind of animal. All big game are, of course, dangerous when wounded and at bay."

In discussing the chances of securing mountain sheep in the Rockies, Mr. Millais pointed out that sheep are protected in Alberta until 1909, and elk until 1910. "It is unfortunate that the Stoney Indians," Mr. Millais remarked, "are allowed to kill the sheep out of season. The Stoney are, as a race, the best hunters in the world, and they are killing off the animals mercilessly."

"In what other districts, apart from Cassiar and Lillooet, are moose plentiful?"

"A very good ground for moose is that part of Ontario north of the line between Fort William and Kenora. They are very plentiful in that country, and good sport can be had; the moose are not so big, however, as those of northern British Columbia."

A Buffalo Girl's Lucky Day in Toronto.

THE following story appears in the Buffalo weekly called Truth, and it ought to be authentic:

The old saying that everything goes in threes, was aptly illustrated by the experience of a young society editor of this city who took the boat trip to Toronto during fair week. Going down on the train to Lewiston she picked up what looked like a spurious ten-dollar bill, and for a joke put it in her purse.

When she arrived in Toronto the entire party went to one of the most fashionable hotels in that city, and as she was leaving the desk after registering, she spied the stage money in her purse and taking it out said to one of the clerks:

"I don't suppose you would change this for me, would you?"

To her astonishment he answered, "Why certainly," and handed her out a roll of smaller bills.

The young woman gasped, and then having a trace of New England conscience left in her said:

"Why, is that money real? I thought it was imitation."

The clerk inspected it and said: "It's a Canadian bill, and goes anywhere where our money is accepted."

The young woman went up in the elevator to her room, and removing her wraps opened the closet door to hang them up, and there on a hook was a man's vest with something dangling from the watch pocket. She investigated and found a gold watch of gorgeous design attached to a diamond studded watch fob. The



MR. W. SANDFORD EVANS.
Former Torontonian who has been elected Mayor of Winnipeg.

Why Business Men Should Take Bovril.

Herbert Spencer, the eminent English philosopher, found that without meat the brain was neither so able, so active nor so clear as with it.

Meat contains the specific elements which feed the brain centres and give mental power and stamina.

But, without sufficient physical exercise, the waste tissue matter of the meat clogs the system, sooner or later upsets the digestion and makes the brain dull and drowsy. In BOVRIL all the valuable qualities of Beef that give power, clearness, and stamina to the brain are retained, and all the waste matter eliminated.

Try a cup of BOVRIL bouillon and some BOVRIL sandwiches for lunch. The feeling of freshness and vigor, that such a diet gives, is conclusive evidence that BOVRIL meets all the demands of brain and body. Give this lunch a trial and note the difference in your mental and physical condition.

10

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ROBERT E. KNOWLES'

The Web of Time

Surpasses this celebrated author's "St. Cuthbert," "The Undertow," and "The Dawn at Shanty Bay," in revealing human nature, in humor, wit, pathos and in compelling delineation of redeeming love.

Every Member of the Family

will enjoy its romance and tears, and rise from the reading more human and loving.

HOLIDAY ORDERS SURPASS ALL PREVIOUS SALES :: :

No gift-book we have ever published has equalled the orders for this tender and eloquent tale. Choose "The Web of Time" FIRST. It is the Season's BEST Gift-book.

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SHOE UP THE FAMILY.

It's better than wasting money for toys and gee-gaws.

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A Pair of Dancing Slippers for Sister.

A Pair of Skates and Boots for Brother.

A Pair of Comfy Slippers for Baby.

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(Mats. - 50c. to 12c. Box Seats \$1.00)**SHEA'S THEATRE**

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In Her Great Character Songs

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"The Battle of Too Soon."

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"In the Streets of Italy."

"A SPOTLESS REPUTATION"

A One-Act Political Episode.

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New Pictures.

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PRINCESS

MON. TUE. DEC. 14, 15, 16 WED. MAT.

GREAT BIG MUSIC SHOW

THE

Newlyweds

and their

Baby

Founded on Geo. McManus' Cartoons, by Aaron Hoffman and Paul West. Special arrangement with New York World.

60 1-2 A Company of 2 People 60 1-2

Positively Guaranteed the Hand-somest Gowned Music Show ever at the Princess.

**A VERA QUID MEDIUM.**

I'm no long out frae Aberdeen,
Although ye couldna tell;
Ye wouldn't ken that I was Scotch
I speak so vera well.
But t'other night a wee bit joke
I played upon myself.

Ye ken the hoarding on our street?—
The other day the line
"Vera, the Medium" caught my e'e—
"Well, well," I said, "that's fine!"
For, thinkin' that the play was Scotch,
As ye say, "I got mine!"

(Sic funny slang ye folks all use,
I'm no sure that is right.)
So I dug up a shilling bit.
An' went down town that night.
The spirits weren't Scotch at all!
Man! but I got a fright!

Wl' spooko flip floppin' a' about
The theatre 't dark,
An' ghosts' lights a' dancin' round
I sat ye twa no lookin' round
An' such weird vooses on the stage
Your flesh fair crept to hark!

Wl' a' those eerie goin's-on
'T would scare a body sick;
Man! I was glad when Vera said
It wasn't but a trick.
She doesn't look the kind to be
On good terms w/ Old Nick.

Though not long out frae Aberdeen
I'm a right good jest.
I'd like to tell that Donald man,
Along w/ a' the rest,
Miss Robson isn't Medium.
She's well up w/ the best!

ASHTRAR.

EXT week there will be two attractions at the Princess Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday "The Newlyweds and their Baby" will hold the boards. This is a farce comedy with music, based on the cartoons drawn by George McManus for the New York World. About sixty people are employed in presenting the play, which is pretentious in the matter of scenic novelty. With plenty of fun arising from ludicrous incidents and complications arising out of the kidnapping of the Newlywed's baby, and with plenty of songs and dances, the production ought to be popular here. It is a brand new offering, and at Rochester, where it made its first appearance the other night, it made a hit.

For the latter half of the week the attraction at the Princess will be Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold." This admirable farce play is extremely amusing. It met with much approval on its first appearance here, and will no doubt again attract good business. In it Mr. Wilson is seen at his best as a comedian.

Bent upon following success upon success, the Imperial Opera Company has decided upon "Fantana," that

breezy musical treat, for the week beginning with a Saturday matinee on Dec. 12. This will be in many respects one of the most ambitious efforts of the Imperials to date. The scene carries one from Monterey, California, to Nagasaki, Japan and back again to mid-ocean aboard ship. Needless to say, this will provide plenty of scope for scenic effects, and a full setting of new scenery has been provided for each act. The best work of the Royal Alexandra Theatre staff has been put into these scenes, and Manager Girard is delighted with the results. Another pleasing feature of the production of "Fantana" will be that it calls into the cast all of the principals of the Imperial Company, as well as a specially strong chorus.

Shea's Theatre promises a good show for next week, with Miss Claire Romaine, known as "London's Pet



MASTER JAMES E. ROSE
The "Baby" of "The Newlyweds and Their Baby," appearing at the Princess next Monday evening.

the smallest claim to the heather, be it ten generations removed, will miss the opportunity of hearing this supreme artist—the idol of his native land, and the most popular attraction in this.

To this formidable array of theatrical entertainment the present week will add Mr. William Collier in a three-act farce, partly his own and partly the work of Mr. J. Hartley Manners, "The Parrot"; Miss Annie Russell in "The Stronger Sex"; Henry E. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa," a comedy by Edith Ellis, and a distinct novelty of considerable interest; and Mimi Agulia, a Sicilian actress in a Sicilian play, "Malia." This is the artist who has made such a stir in London, Paris, and Berlin, critics everywhere speaking of her work in terms of unqualified praise.

As was expected, "Vera, the Medium," which has been given at the Princess this week, has proved interesting, because it is well acted and because Eleanor Robson plays the leading role. As was also expected, it has set all who appreciate Miss Robson's capabilities sadly sighing for another sight of that charming actress in a play of the quality of "Merely Mary Ann." Why theatrical managers will encourage or permit such an actress to turn aside from the work for which she is specially equipped—characterizations of wistfulness and loveliness—is something no fellow, or at least, as Dundreary says, no sensible fellow, can understand. Miss Robson in any role would be attractive, but as long as she is cast in such plays as "Vera, the Medium," as long as she is engaged in "hardening her emotional scope"—to use a press agent's phrase—the essentials of her art are thrown into disuse, to the keen disappointment of her most enthusiastic admirers.

In writing "Vera" Mr. Dick Davis has done nothing brilliant. It is, indeed, a lucky thing for him that the play is so well acted. Miss Robson's leading man, Mr. H. B. Warner, is with her still, and his work is, as always, natural and fine.

Minstrels in Bloomsbury

TO Covent Garden people stream
To drink the music there;
We stand along the curb and dream
To melodies more rare:
Sing on! enchanted minstrel-girl,
Thou artless, young and fair!

The buses of Southampton Row,
The jingling hansom here,
Bear London, heedless, to and fro
In search of evening cheer:
For us, thou art enough, dear voice
Forgetful—sweet and clear!

Our day-long toil but goes to win
Another toilsome day;
Play on, oblivious violin!
Soft harp, beseech thee, play!
And thou, pale girl with eyes aflame,
Sing on for us who stay!

—Arthur Upson, in the Bellman.

First Porter—"Gee! Dat man gib me a large tip."

Second Porter—"Yep. An' you done gib yo'self away by thanking him and smilin'."

"Why, ain't dat all right?"
"No, sah! If yo had acted natchul, he'd felt obligated to do it nex' time. See?"—Life.

The Cradle, A Star and the Tomb

BIRTHS.
BRYNE—At Ancaster, Ont., Monday, Dec. 7, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. H. Bryne, a daughter.

CLEARY—In Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clark, 66 Howard Avenue, a son.

PARKER—In Toronto, Dec. 5, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Percival Parker, 316 St. George street, a daughter.

ALLEN—At Millbrook, Thursday, Dec. 9, 1908, to Rev. Alexander and Mrs. Allen, of Oakland, Cal., a son.

CAMERON—In Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Wellington A. Cameron, Grenville street, a son.

MARRIAGES.

HILBORN—ROSS—At the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Dec. 5, 1908, by Rev. J. M. Cruise, Agnes Louise Ross, a daughter.

BLEASDELL—THOMPSON—At the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto, Dec. 2, 1908, by Rev. T. Bradley Hyde, and Rev. Canon Cody, Emily Edith Thompson, to Walter Hamilton Bleas-

DELL.

CANNIFF—At 61 Cecil street, Toronto, Dec. 7, 1908, Elizabeth Foster, wife of Dr. Wm. Canniff, in her 75th year.

DRYDEN—At Guelph, Dec. 1, 1908, James Robert Dryden, M.D., aged 52 years.

FRASER—At Stratford, Ont., Dec. 9, 1908, Donald M. Fraser, M.D.

MACINTYRE—At the Manse, Beamsville, Ont., Dec. 1, 1908, Eliza Maude Walker, wife of Rev. Dr. MacIntyre.

DEATHS.

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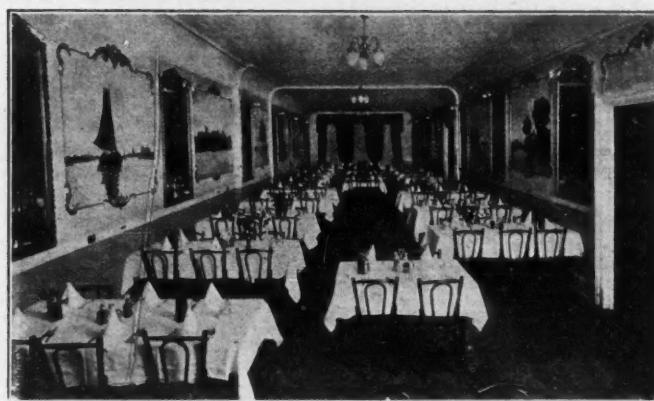
wife of Rev. Dr. MacIntyre.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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In the realm of musical comedy we have had much and have still left "The Girls of Gottenberg," Lulu Glaser in "Mlle. Mischief," "The Three Twins," Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty," and Louise Gunnin in "Marcelle." In a class to himself is that inimitable Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder, who, I understand, goes to Toronto after the New Year—provided he can get away from New York. No one with

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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SOCIETY

A n impromptu supper was given after the Gadski concert in the King Edward, at which the prima donna received her guests in a lovely gown, having donned another of her rich costumes especially for the supper festivities, at which some twenty-five guests enjoyed a delightful hour. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox had Madame Gadski at the Hunt Club for luncheon during her stay in Toronto. On the evening of the concert, the Diva was presented with a gorgeous bouquet of orchids after her song.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay entertained at dinner on Thursday night, and are giving several dinners during the season.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell gave two very elegant dinners this week, on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

His honor and Mrs. Gibson received on Thursday afternoon for the last time this year. A great crowd again called and were cordially received.

After several gay weeks with that kindest of Toronto's hostesses, Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenelth, Miss Lilian Macdonald, of Goderich, has gone to Hamilton to be the guest of her relatives, the Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. DuMoulin.

The engagement of Miss Estelle Louise Leonard, second daughter of Mr. Frank Leonard, of Oakwood, London, Ontario, and Mr. J. Innes Carling, only son of Mr. Harry Carling, is announced.

Colonel and Mrs. Biscoe and their daughters are living at The Marlborough, Jarvis street, this winter. Miss Dorothy Biscoe is very much *persona grata* at all the smartest events in the smart set, and is a very charming girl.

Kindly folk are asked to remember the little people in the Infants' Home, St. Mary street, as well as the other charities, in Christmas giving.

Many friends were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Richard J. Tackaberry, formerly Cassie Walker, which took place on Monday at her home, 144 Park road. Mrs. Tackaberry lived a very quiet life of late, her devoted husband and herself being excellent company for one another, and her health not being very robust, but many can remember her as a dainty and fastidious housekeeper and a hostess with few peers. She travelled widely, and was a most appreciative and intelligent observer of art and foreign peoples and lands. Very sincere sympathy is with Mr. Tackaberry in his bereavement.

The annual distribution of the Needle Work Guild of Canada took place in St. George's Hall, and was very well attended by those interested in the good work, including a

number of visitors. There were 1,885 articles of clothing distributed this year to the following twenty-one institutions. General, Grace, Isolation and Western Hospitals, Children's Aid, Church of England Deaconesses, Girls' Home, Home of Incurable Children, Nursing at Home Mission, St. Andrew's Institute, S. S. John, Nursing Mission, Frances Willard Home, Infants' Home, Home for Incurables, Redemption Home, Victorian Order of Nurses, Working Boys' Home, Orphan's Home, Seaton Village Mission, Toronto Jewish Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Simpson announce the engagement of their daughter, Greta, to Mr. John M. Black, of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Black, of Montreal. The marriage will take place quietly in Bowmansville on Wednesday, December 30.

An interesting little ceremony this week was the christening of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt's only child, a fine little girl who arrived some week's ago. A few friends came in to celebrate the event by a tea.

Miss Margeurite Turnbull, of Montreal, is visiting Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, and was with her at Tuesday's concert.

The Toronto Skating Club met at the Granite Rink on Wednesday night, when the weather was just right, and the moon almost full. The ladies of the Brown Betty tea parlors furnished the refreshments so welcome to the skaters.

Mrs. Percy Beatty gave a second bridge party on Wednesday, when the winners of the prizes at the eight tables were Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Watt, Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Hedley, Miss Gertrude Kirkpatrick and Miss Kay.

Miss End Worum is in town for some Christmas shopping. Miss Isabel McWilliams has been visiting Miss Worum at her home in Penetang for some weeks. I hear that Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole are giving a young folks' dance on New Year's night in Penetang for Miss Worum's friends.

A most successful concert and operatic scene was given on Wednesday night by Miss Hope Morgan, assisted by Miss Heloise Keating, harpiste. Society turned out strong for these two favorites, and Conservatory Hall held a brilliant audience.

Mr. W. G. Hagarty, R.C.A., Esquimalt, is visiting his people in Spadina road.

A very graceful and charming bride, Mrs. Frank Hobbs, nee Marshall, of London, Ontario, held her postnuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons in her cosy apartment in Sussex Court, where a great many friends called to welcome her to Toronto. Mrs. Hobbs wore her wedding gown of white satin and had pinned one Beauty rose on the corsage with a perfect effect. Mrs. Macdonald, of Conna Lodge, presided over a wee tea-table in the drawing-room, very daintily set and centered with flowers. Miss Guthrie, of Guelph, sister of Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., assisted Mrs. Macdonald, and looked very handsome in a smart gown and hat. Mrs. Hobbs made a very successful and admired hostess on the occasion of her receptions, and will be most popular.

Mrs. Dudley Sutherland Stayner and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, received at Sussex Court on Tuesday afternoon, when many visitors called. The younger matron was beautiful in a pale blue gown, her golden hair simply dressed, and her pretty manner charming all her friends. Mrs. Stayner wore a handsome black and white gown and bonnet and ostrich feather stole. In the dining-room, Miss Scott and Miss Hahn served tea and good things from a pretty table artistically decorated and lighted. Among those calling were Mrs. and Miss Sweatman, Miss Playter, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Charles Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. John Podmore announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Florence Emma, to George M. Campbell, M.D., of Southern Ohio. The marriage will take place the latter part of December.

Mrs. Copeland, of Walmer road, entertained at a dance on last Monday night, given for her guest, Miss Baker, of Indianapolis, Ind. Miss Baker left last Tuesday.

Several luncheons and any number of teas have occupied the young set this week. Miss Austin of Spadina and Miss Helen Davidson have given

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luncheons, and a tea for Miss Hope Wigmore's coming-out, a tea at the Metropolitan by Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Howe, a farewell tea for Miss Kate Smith at her home in Huron street, and a tea at Mrs. Catto's for her daughter, Mrs. Hulse, are some other events of the past week.

Mr. Titus Robinson and the Misses Robinson, of 124 Bedford road, have returned home after spending several months in Europe.

The news of Miss Lottie Wood's sudden death on Thursday morning was a dreadful shock to her friends

in Toronto, and to her family. Miss Wood had recently undergone an operation from which she was making a satisfactory recovery, when she was called from life. Sincere sympathy is felt and expressed on all sides for her bereaved relatives in this unexpected sorrow.

Mrs. J. H. Bertram, of 59 Chestnut Park road, will be At Home on the first and second Tuesdays of each month.

Judge Leet, of Montreal, is here with Mrs. Leet, and are staying with Mrs. Colwell, Pape ave.

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FOR MEN**

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Mrs. Darcy and the Doctors

Mrs. Darcy was rich. She was very rich indeed. In fact she was so rich that it made her sick.

She suffered from fatty degeneration of the bank account. She had been everywhere; she had seen everything; she had done everything.

There was nowhere she couldn't go; there was nothing she couldn't have; there was nothing she couldn't do—except be happy.

It bored her to ride, and to drive; it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down.

It bored her to eat, and to drink, and to sleep.

So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black.

He gave her pills. She grew worse.

So she sent for a second doctor—Dr. Green.

He gave her powders. She still grew worse.

So she sent for a third doctor—Dr. White.

Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultra-modern doctor.

"What is the trouble with you?" said Dr. White.

"Everything!" said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have a beautiful home," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of . . ." said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have beautiful jewels," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of them," said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have a beautiful face," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of it!" said Mrs. Darcy.

"And can you help me?" said Mrs. Darcy.

"I can try," said Dr. White.

Mrs. Darcy gave the prescription to her secretary.

The secretary gave it to the maid.

The maid gave it to the butler.

The butler gave it to the page.

And the page took it to the chemist.

The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it, appeared very much surprised and then handed it back to the page.

"This is not for me," said the chemist. "It is for—Mrs. Darcy."

So the page took the prescription back to the butler.

The butler gave it back to the maid.

The maid gave it back to the secretary.

And the secretary gave it back to Mrs. Darcy.

"The chemist says that this is not him," said the secretary. "He says it is for you!"

"For me!" said Mrs. Darcy. "What a nuisance! I am so tired. I am so bored. I am so weak. I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?"

The secretary looked at the scrap of paper and became very red in the face.

"What does it say?" demanded Mrs. Darcy. "Why don't you read it to me?"

"I—I don't understand it!" said the secretary.

"Well, it is not necessary for you to understand it!" said Mrs. Darcy. "If it is for me, you are not supposed to understand it! If it is for me—I will understand it! What does it say?"

"It says," said the secretary, "Prescription for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's compliments: Do something for somebody!"

"What does that mean?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

"I—I told you that I didn't—understand it, Mrs. Darcy!" said the secretary.

"Well, why don't you understand?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

And Mrs. Darcy worked herself into violent hysterics.

But all the rest of the day and all through the night Mrs. Darcy heard the words ringing in her ears, saw the words dancing before her eyes—"Do something for somebody!"

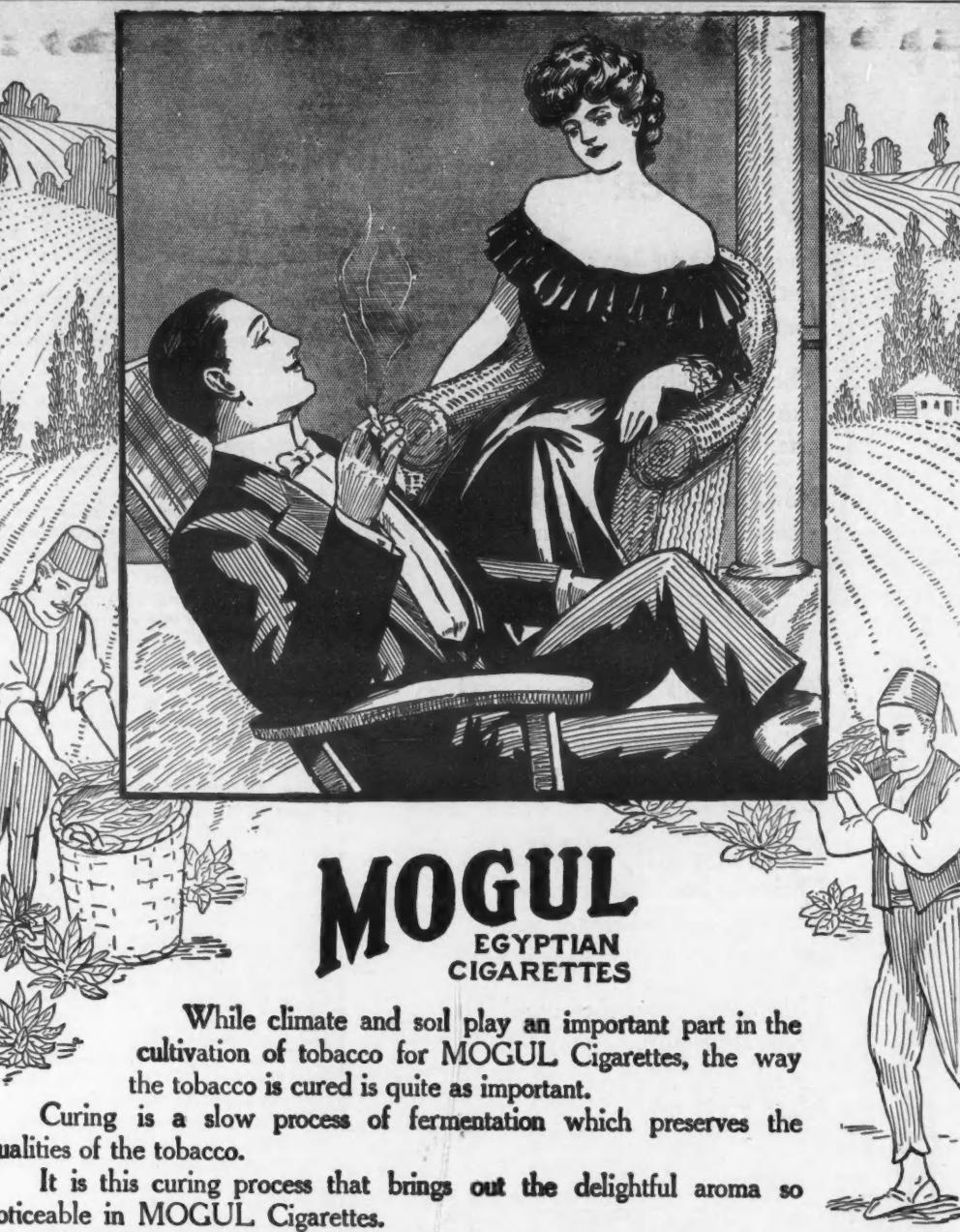
She almost wondered if there was anything in this advice, in this strange advice, this peculiar "prescription."

But then her old doctors came with their old remedies, Dr. Black with his pills and Dr. Green with his powders, and she soon forgot the new doctor with his new notions and his impertinences and his insults.

"Do something for somebody!"

The idea! When she was too sick even to do anything for herself!—Harold Susman, in December Smart Set.

"On what ground," asked the American lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? Incompatibility?" "Something of that sort, I reckon," answered the man. "My income isn't compatible with her ideas of comfort."—Chicago Tribune.

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"On what ground," asked the American lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? Incompatibility?" "Something of that sort, I reckon," answered the man. "My income isn't compatible with her ideas of comfort."—Chicago Tribune.